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No.
103
June
'66

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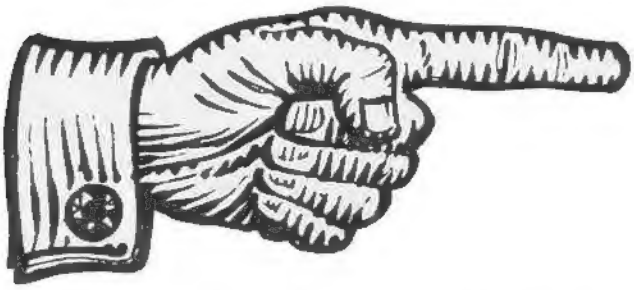

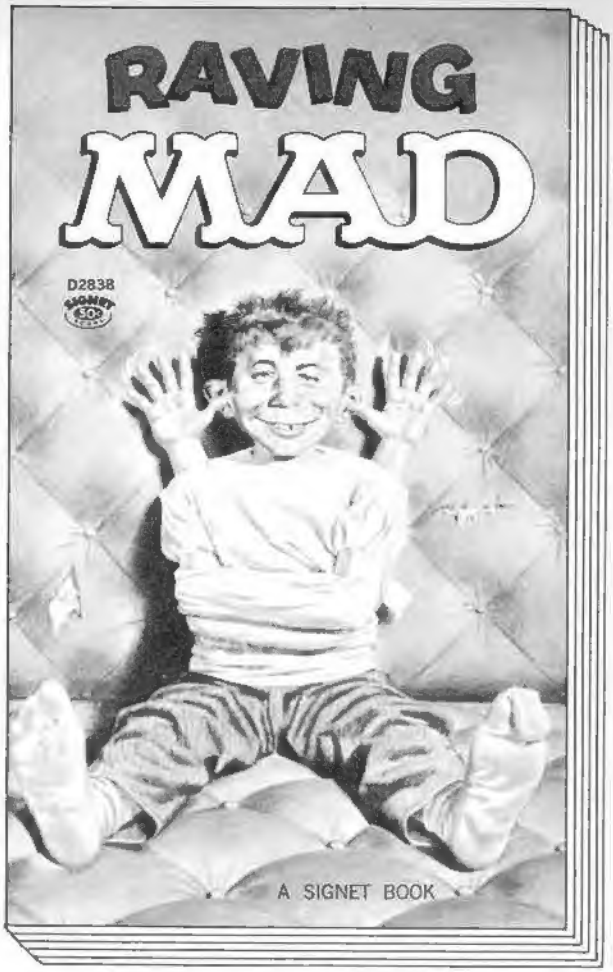

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NUMBER 103 JUNE 1966

MAD

"This summer, buy your girl a Bikini. It's the least you can do for her!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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VITAL FEATURES

THE AGONY AND THE AGONY (A MAD TV SATIRE) PG. 4

FATHERS ARE TWO-TIME LOSERS PG. 10

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THE FACE ON THE TOWN SQUARE WALK PG. 26

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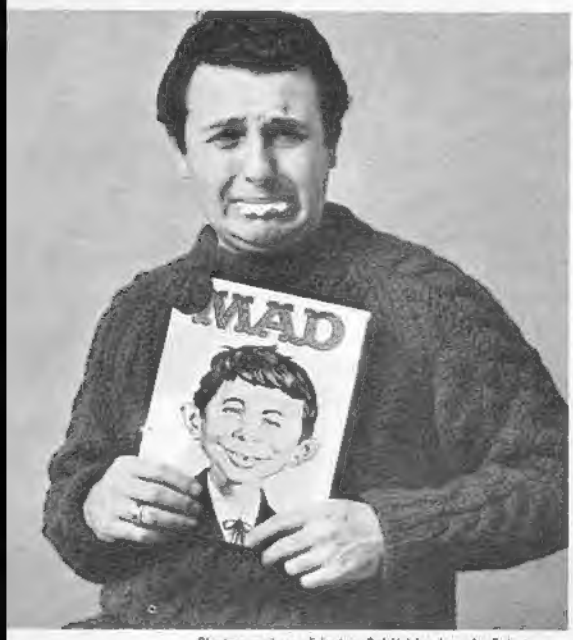
HORRIFYING CLICHÉS (ANOTHER MAD WORD GAME) PG. 40

What I said was:

"Show me just one way to get my copy before it gets filtered out at the newsstand and I'll eat it!"



Photography of Irving Schild by Lennie Schecter

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Boys And Girls Together

...both agree that these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, are the most ridiculous things they've ever seen. So if you want one, and you are a boy or a girl (or a boy-and-girl-together), mail 25¢ (or 50¢ for 3) to MAD, 850 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022

LETTERS DEPT.

THE SINPIPER

I rarely read MAD, but after reading "The Sinpiper," I must write to commend you. It was the greatest piece of modern social satire I've ever seen. I hope your magazine survives long enough to print this letter.

Rod Howell
Alvin, Texas

Many of my fellow MAD readers inform me that I simply must see the movie before I can enjoy one of your movie satires. I do not always find this true. Take, for example, "The Sinpiper." I had not seen the movie, nor heard much about it. But Larry Siegel's excellent (and ludicrous) writing told me what kind of a shallow, over-worked movie it was; and I could also see the type of audience it was aimed at. In my opinion, Mr. Siegel ranks high among the great movie reviewers of today.

Jim Feyler
Sunnyvale, Calif.

I wish I could find a way to say how great MAD is. Anything that can make my mother (a stiff-laced school teacher) crack-up the way "The Sinpiper" did must be great. It was both deep and funny, ridiculous and sublime. You must be doing something right!

Mary Beth Clifford
Sheepshead Bay, N.Y.

MASTERS OF MEDIOCRITY

Congratulations on a fine, outspoken article. "Masters of Mediocrity" hits our institutions of higher learning (?) right where it hurts—in their dull, conformist, paternalism glands.

Michael Meier
Corpus Christi, Texas

It is my considered opinion that your "College Programs To Develop Masters of Mediocrity" should be required reading for all College Professors and Deans.

Joe Clarke, Jr.
Lefors, Texas

STATEMENT OF CIRCULATION

You made a dreadful error in your "Statement of Circulation" in the March issue (No. 101). Entry F: "spoiled after printing", which was erroneously listed as 464,398 copies, should have been 2,271,244 copies. Mainly, the total amount you printed!

Ronald Slusky
Columbia University, N. Y.

CHUCK CHUCKLES

Each issue of MAD is a refreshing and hilarious personal experience, even when the subject matter is Chuck Connors. To paraphrase Rudyard Kipling, "Though you've beaten me and flayed me, by the living Gawd that made me, every time it's really paid me—to read your crazy Madgazine."

Chuck Connors
Hollywood, Calif.

KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOR

Congratulations! MAD is stronger than dirt!

Mrs. Rosemary Wilson
Mobile, Alabama

FALLS FOR MAD

As you can see by the enclosed photo, we are five average, conservative young entertainers who enjoy reading your "ultra-conservative" magazine. We sincerely wish you continued success with your unique brand of "insane sanity".

The Fall Guys
El San Juan Hotel
San Juan, Puerto Rico

VOYAGE TO SEE THE BOTTOM

I just finished reading "Voyage to See What's on the Bottom" (No. 101) and found it delightful. I am a great fan of the show, and especially David Hedison—"Leak" to you. The article was very funny and extremely well done. I have enjoyed your satires of TV shows in the past, and you haven't disappointed me with this one. On behalf of all "Voyage" fans, please accept our thanks and keep up the good work.

Linda La Rosa
West Hempstead, N.Y.

You morons have really done it! You've spoiled my favorite TV show for me by doing a satire of it. I'm talking about that wonderful show, "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea", which you completely tore apart. Another flop for MAD!

Clifford Wilson
Somerville, N. J.

Many thanks for MAD's version of our television offering, "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea." Both Richard Basehart and I were greatly amused by it, and our feeling is: if you can't laugh at yourself, you're in serious trouble. Agree? My belated best wishes to MAD upon its 100th Issue Anniversary. May you long continue to keep the world laughing.

David Hedison
y-clept "Capt. Lee Crane"
USS Seaview
Beverly Hills, Calif.

HMMMMM!

Congratulations on your latest triumph, "Letters We Could Sure Do Without" (No. 101). It is with this article that MAD finally soars to new heights in the field of humor. A masterpiece! Let us see more of this first-rate material in the future.

Don Savage
No address given

VICTOR IS "HOOKED"

This evening, as I entered my dressing room to make-up and dress for a performance as Captain Hook in the Valley Music Theater production of "Peter Pan", in Salt Lake City, I spotted the 100th Anniversary Issue of MAD. Needless to say, I cancelled the performance in order to fully enjoy the experience. I have not yet missed a single issue of your magazine, which is interesting when one considers that I have had a good education, and am known as a man of taste. At any rate, I read the publication from lid to lid and was, as usual, delighted with its perceptiveness, rich humor, and hearty back-stabbing poisonous and thoroughly base contents. "Hack, Hack, Sweet Has-Been" I found to be in the best MAD tradition: rude, cruel, and terribly funny. I especially liked the way you pictured and titled me. I was thoroughly entertained; and so was my attorney. He laughed louder than I did. I think he is sending you a registered letter telling you how much he enjoyed it.

Victor Buono
Encino, Calif.

BIO GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION

As a student of Biology, I can say that MAD occupies an ecological niche in our society which, until its publication, was unfilled.

Tom Johnson
Williams College
Williamstown, Mass.

IT'S GREEK TO US!

You may already be aware of this, but on page 33 of "Classical Rhetoric for the Modern Student" by Edward P. J. Corbett, the following statement appears: "Today, the eighteenth-century brand of satire seems to be enjoying a revival, especially among young people of college age. Whether it is the satire in *MAD Magazine* or the satire of the stand-up comedians who reach their audience through television or records, all of the techniques have their roots in Aristotelian rhetoric."

Jan A. Sainsbury
Pocatello, Idaho

COWPOKES FUN

At a recent Horse Show in this fair city, the major attraction (apart from the horses) was that well-known TV personality, "James Droopy", the "Virginiaham"—alias James Drury, the "Virginian." It was my job to interview "James" for radio, and I asked him his reaction to your satire of his TV show. I thought you might be interested in the enclosed photo of his response.

Philip Clarke
WJDX—WLBT-TV
Jackson, Miss.

BORDERLINE CASE

Look what happened to me on the Israeli-Lebanese border. I was standing there, peacefully minding my own business, when an Arab snuck up behind the sign to share the pure ecstasy of reading MAD. I'm glad to see that someone has discovered the way to bring peace between Israelis and Arabs.

Uri Alony
Tel-Aviv, Israel

MAD ECONOMICS

The humor in MAD is a priceless example of brilliant satire. Let's see now... Since the price of a commodity is based upon how much it's worth, and it's priceless, it therefore must be worthless! So like I said, the humor in MAD is a priceless example—

Mark Bernhard
Altadena, Calif.

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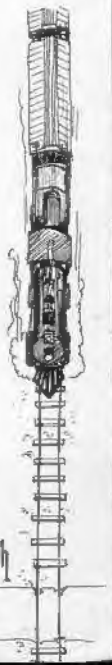
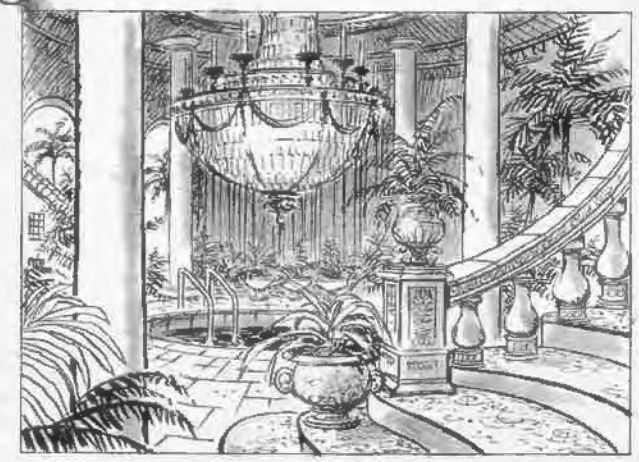


CEILING ZERO DEPT.

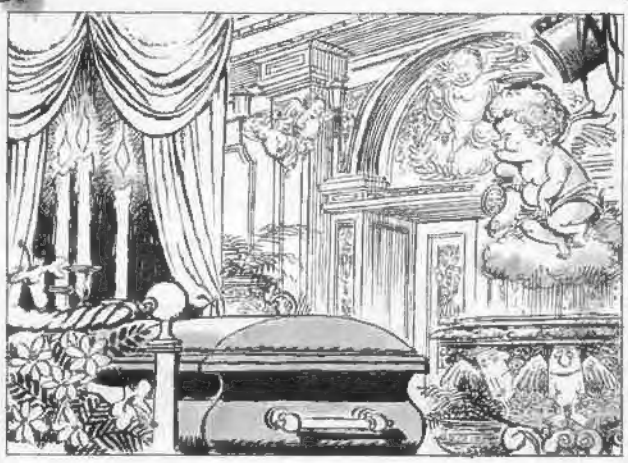
Just for laughs, we thought we'd cut a pretentious and utterly boring motion picture down to size by offering a modernized and up-dated MAD version of the recent film that presented too much agony on the screen and not enough agony in the title. That's why we've retitled it . . .

THE AGONY AND

This is the story of the most dramatic single event in the life of the immortal Michael Angelo, the supreme

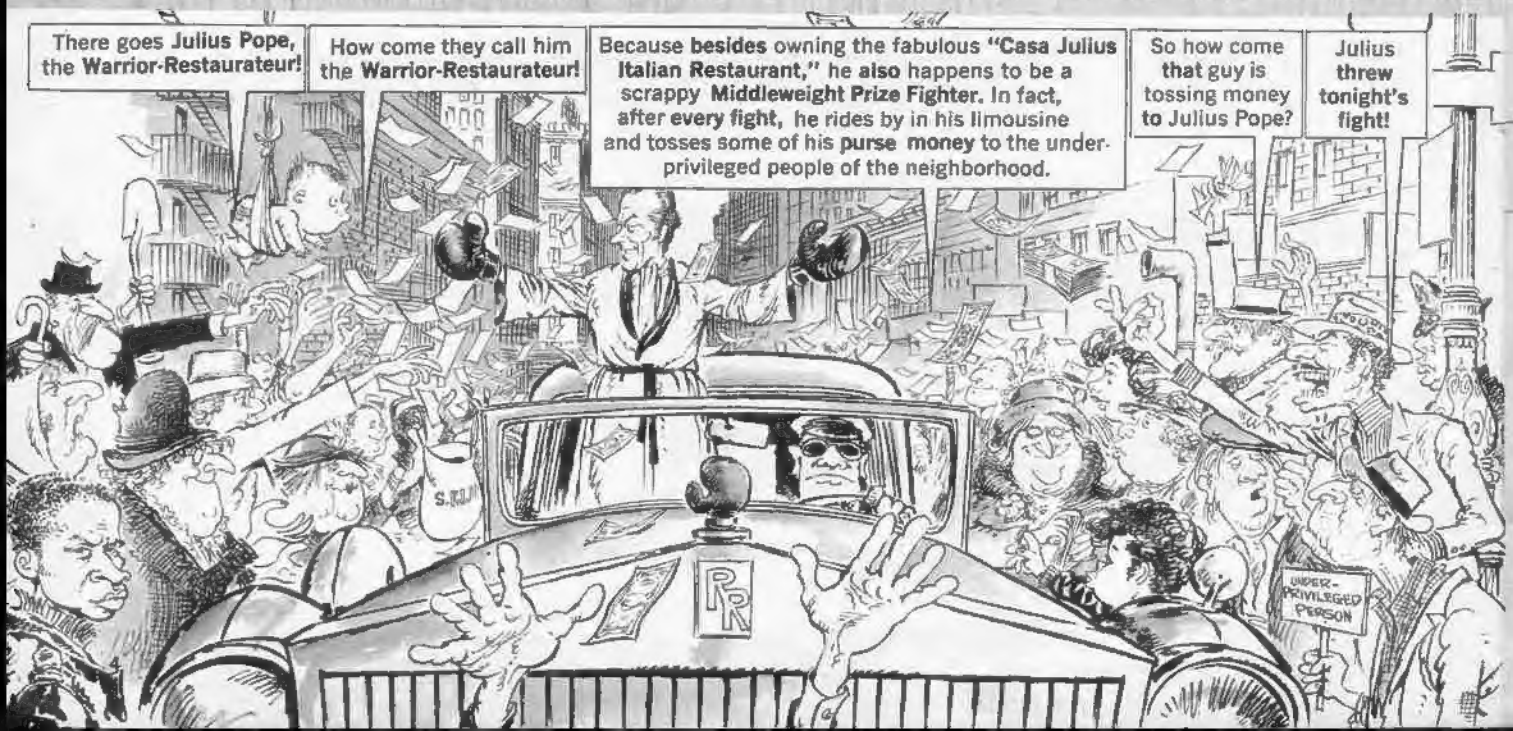


In 1958, Michael Angelo was commissioned to decorate the lobby of the Rococo-Hilton Hotel in Miami Beach. Note the rhinestone-studded staircase, the two-ton chandelier, the 412 potted palms. Later on, we'll show you how this same run-down lobby looked after Michael Angelo redecorated it.



Notice the inimitable Angelo touch in this, his celebrated Elvis Presley Chapel, at Hollywood's Forest Grass Cemetery. In 1959 Mike Angelo was presented with a special award by The California Medical Society . . . for shocking 18 corpses back to life when their coffins were opened in this room.

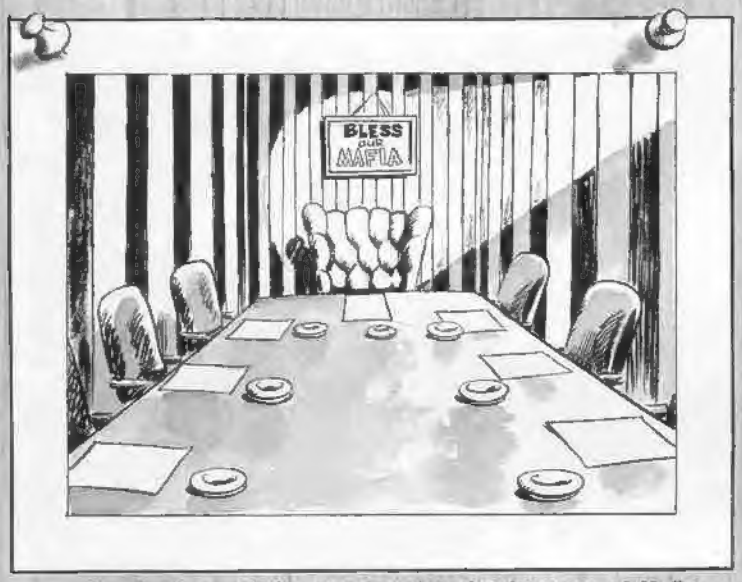
But now, the story of the greatest artistic achievement in the life of Michael Angelo is about to unfold on



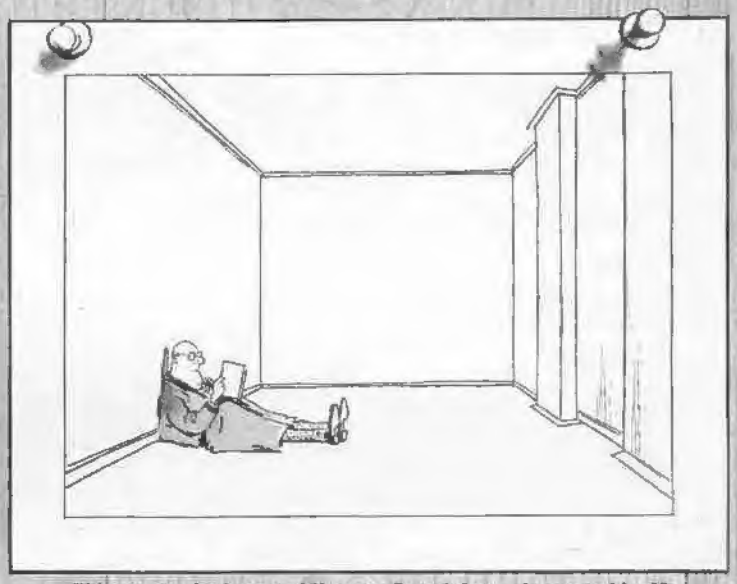
THE AGONY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

interior decorator of his time. But before looking at the man, let's examine some of his masterpieces . . .

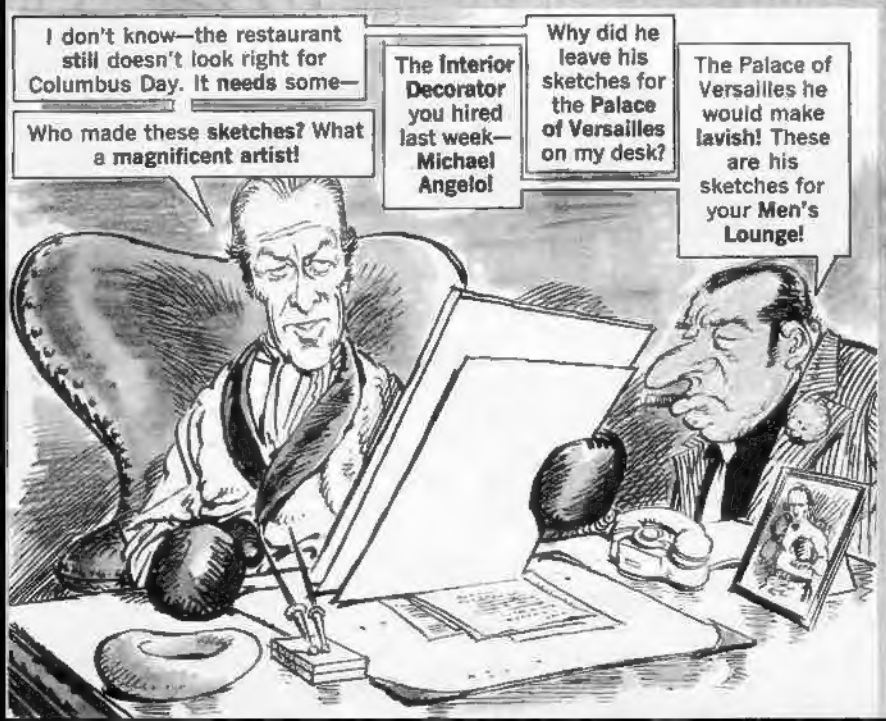


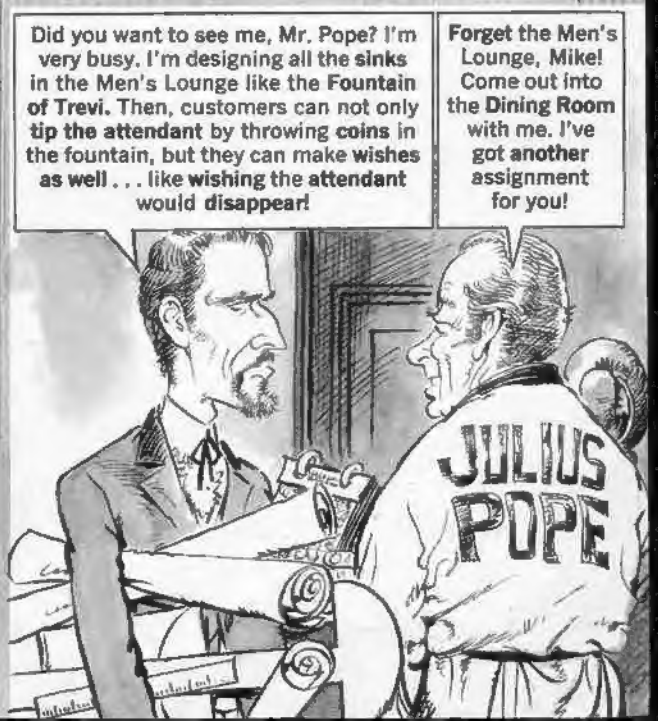
Here is the world-famous showplace headquarters of Mafia Board Chairman Nino Bombarelli, decorated by the talented Michael Angelo in 1961. Notice how the resourceful artist has used lights, shapes and color to completely disguise the fact that this is actually Bombarelli's prison cell.



This master bedroom of Herman Draydel was decorated by Mr. Angelo in 1964. Notice, in the warm white decor, Angelo's intense love for his fellow man. Nobody loved his fellow man more than Mike Angelo—which may be getting personal, but this is not really unusual for an Interior Decorator.

this screen. And ironically, it is the story of a dedicated interior decorator who didn't want to paint!





Mike, next Columbus Day, 500 **Sons of Italy** will be here at the Casa Julius for a **big banquet**, and I want the place to look **magnificent**. You see that **big bare ceiling** up there? I want it filled with the **ultimate** in Italian-American Restaurant decor. I want paintings of **Mount Vesuvius**, the **Grand Canal of Venice** with **22 gondolas**, the **Leaning Tower of Pisa**, the **Appian Way**, the **Piazza San Marco** with its **4,568 pigeons**, the **Bay of Naples** and . . .

You want me to **paint? ME??** **Michael Angelo?** But I'm not a **painter!** I'm an **Interior Decorator! NEVER!** And I warn you . . . one more **word** on the subject and I'll **mince right out of here!**

Connie, we're old friends. I decorated **your** apartment. Now, Julius Pope wants **me**, the great Interior Decorator, to **paint his restaurant ceiling!** Can you **imagine that?** Well, I turned him down **cold** and I'm leaving for **Fire Island!**

Mike, my **woman's intuition** tells me that you're **afraid** to accept the **challenge** of something **new!**

Really? Well, Connie, **my** woman's intuition tells me **you're wrong!**

Oh, Mike, Mike. . . . **I love you,** you big crazy honey bear of an Interior Decorator! **Marry me!**

I'm **fond** of you, Connie, but **I can't love you!** I can't love **any** woman! You see, God gave me a talent for **Decorating.** Whatever love I have is all **here,** in my **hands!**

Then I'll marry your **hands!**

You won't be **happy** together! I've got **very selfish pinkies!**

All right, Mr. Pope, I've changed my mind! I've decided to **accept** the challenge! I'll paint your ceiling! But I want **$5000** . . .

I'll give you **$500!**

Make it **$2000?**

$525.

$1000?

$550.

$540?

$500.

$475?

It's a **deal!**

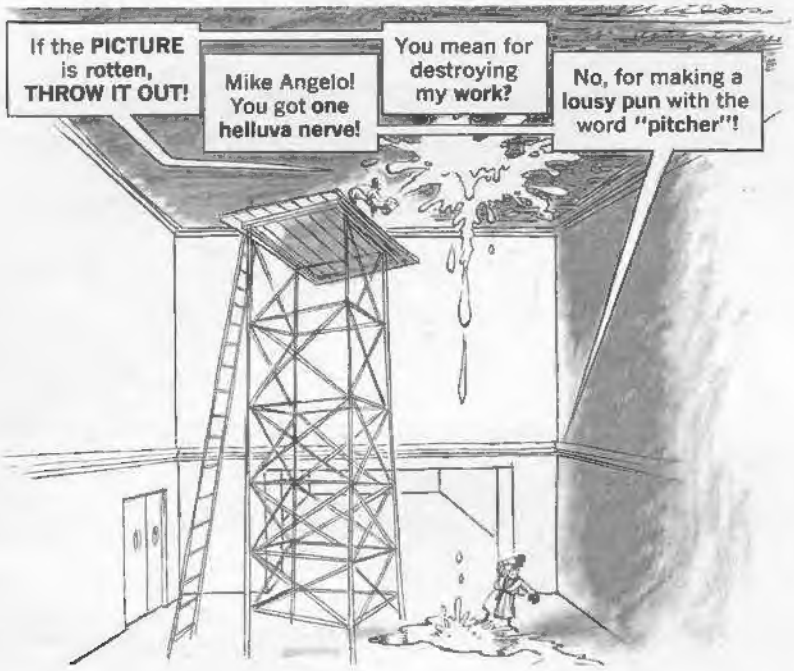
$450, and not **one penny less!**

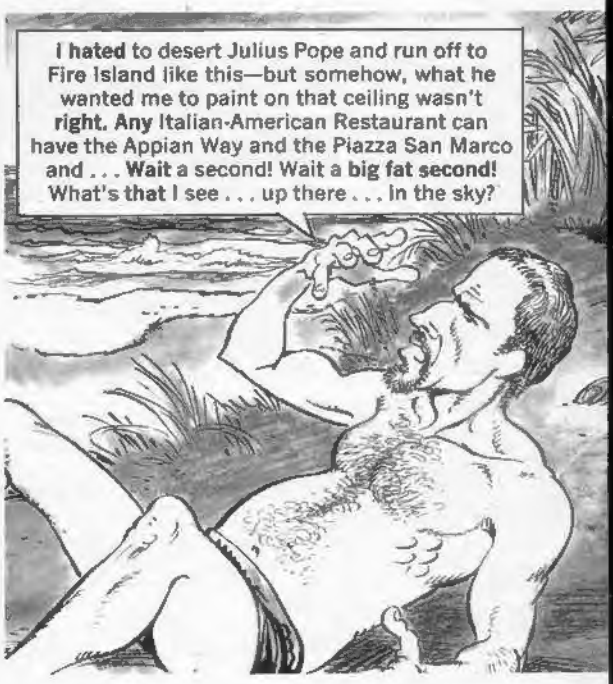
I have a sneaky feeling I could use a **Business Manager!**

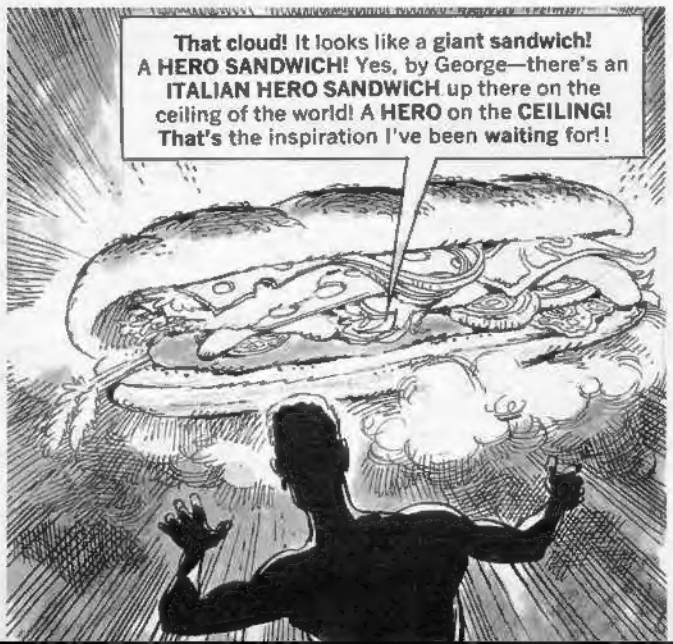
The Leaning Tower of Pisa—The Grand Canal of Venice—Mt. Vesuvius—**ECCCH!** Every Italian-American Restaurant in **New York** has these things painted on their walls or ceilings. I've got to get **away** from this dull, uninspired trash for a while. I think I'll sashay uptown to my **favorite 3rd Avenue Bar.**

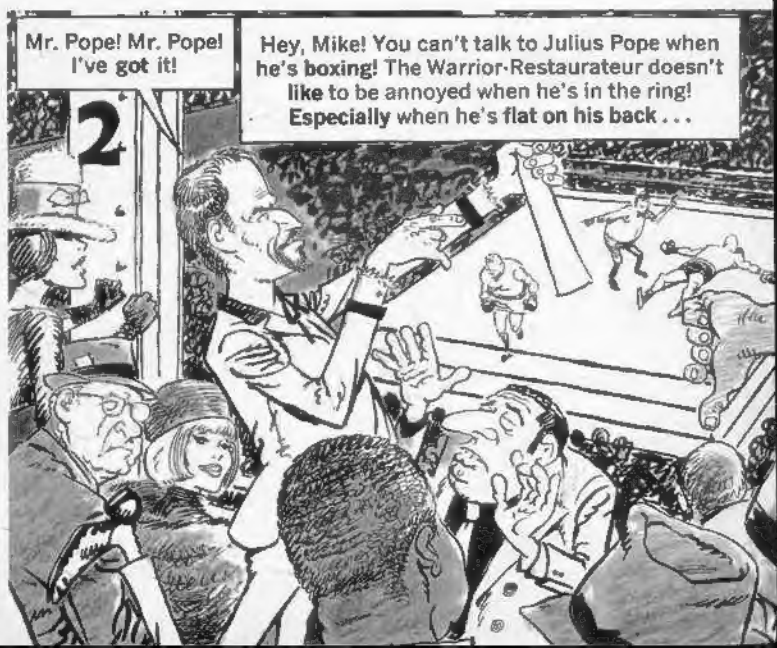
Bartender! This wine is sour!
If the wine is sour, throw it out!
Bartender, this beer is flat!
If the beer is flat, throw it out!
Bartender, this whiskey is watered!
If the whiskey is weak, throw it out!
Bartender, the pitcher on that TV baseball game is lousy!
If the pitcher is lousy, throw him out!
BYRR ON THE ROCKS
RACING FORM

If the pitcher is lousy, throw 'im out . . .
If the PITCHER is lousy, THROW IT OUT!
Boy, that Mike Angelo is pretty dense. It sure took him a long time to get the idea!

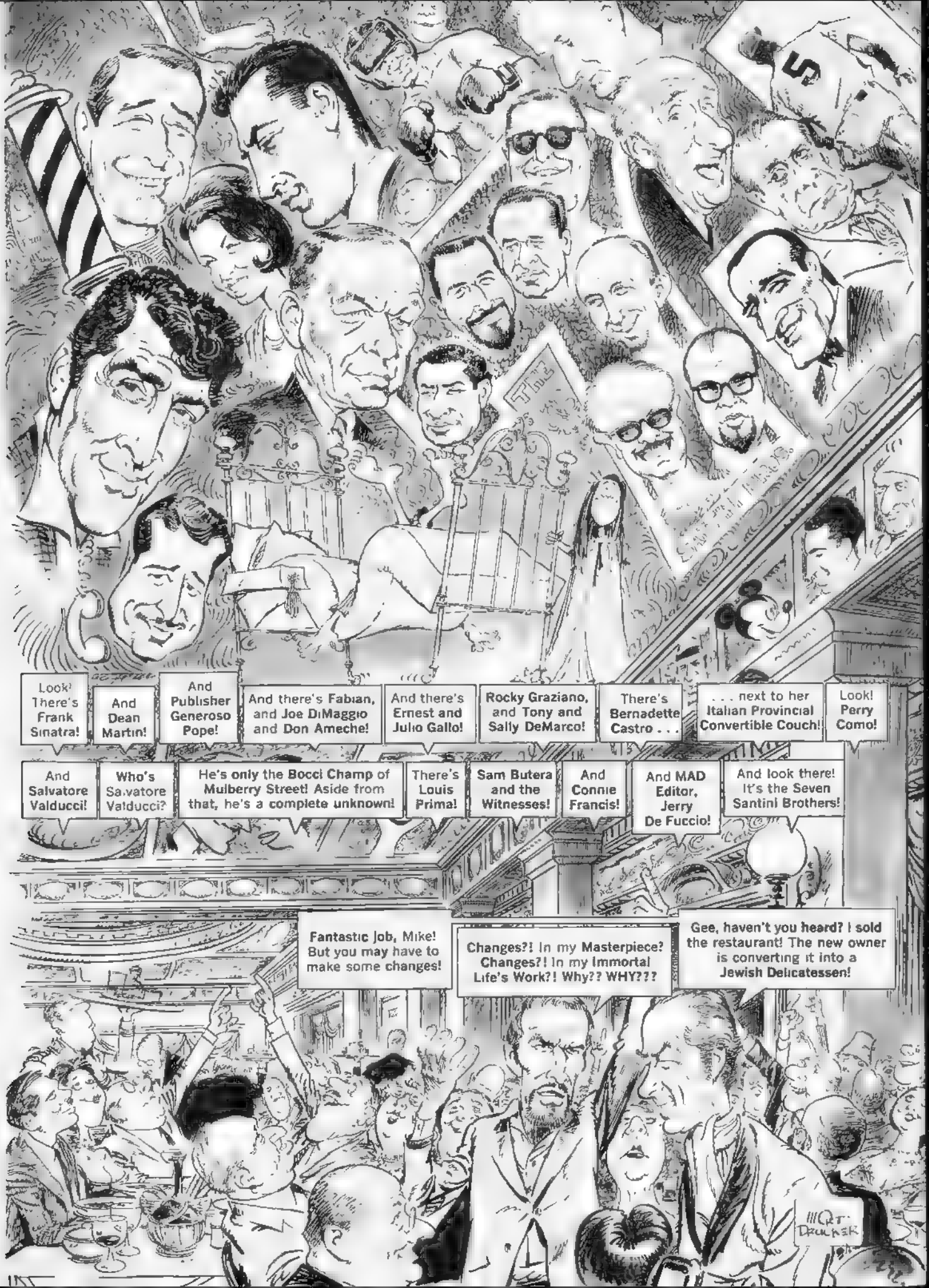

If the PICTURE is rotten, THROW IT OUT!
Mike Angelo! You got one helluva nerve!
You mean for destroying my work?
No, for making a lousy pun with the word "pitcher"!


I hated to desert Julius Pope and run off to Fire Island like this—but somehow, what he wanted me to paint on that ceiling wasn't right. Any Italian-American Restaurant can have the Appian Way and the Piazza San Marco and . . . Wait a second! Wait a big fat second! What's that I see . . . up there . . . in the sky?


That cloud! It looks like a giant sandwich! A HERO SANDWICH! Yes, by George—there's an ITALIAN HERO SANDWICH up there on the ceiling of the world! A HERO on the CEILING! That's the inspiration I've been waiting for!!


Mr. Pope! Mr. Pope! I've got it!
2
Hey, Mike! You can't talk to Julius Pope when he's boxing! The Warrior-Restaurateur doesn't like to be annoyed when he's in the ring! Especially when he's flat on his back . . .

. . . so I was lying on the sand at Fire Island when I got an inspiration from a cloud-formation . . .
Get off my stomach!
You see, on this part of the ceiling we paint this, and on this part . . .
Get off my stomach!
. . . we paint this . . . and over here, we paint this . . .
No, no! I see a panoramic shot in that space there!
FOUR . . . FIVE . . . No, I see these frescoes up there! SIX . . . SEVEN . . .
Get off my stomach!
I'm going ahead with my new inspiration! The ceiling will be magnificent!!
Get back on my stomach! Get back on my stomach!
When will you make an end?
When I'm finished!
When will you be finished?
When I run out of paint!
When will you run out of paint?
When I'm done!
When will you be done?
Aw, c'mon, Mr. Pope! This is getting a little ridiculous!
MEN'S LOUNGE
When will you make an end?
Right now! I'm finished! So shut up, already!
Magnificent! I can't believe that you got the inspiration for this immortal work from a cloud, Mike!
It's true, Mr. Pope. When I looked up and saw that Hero Sandwich on the ceiling of the world, I knew that what your ceiling needed was an Italian Hero, too! But not just one! I saw a magnificent panorama! I saw the whole spectrum of our beloved 20th Century Italian-American Heritage! And, there it is . . .

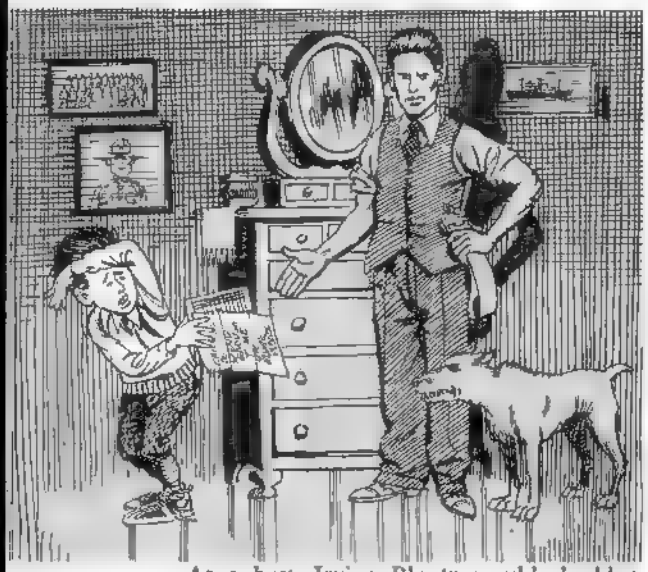

Look! There's Frank Sinatra!
And Dean Martin!
And Publisher Generoso Pope!
And there's Fabian, and Joe DiMaggio and Don Ameche!
And there's Ernest and Julio Gallo!
Rocky Graziano, and Tony and Sally DeMarco!
There's Bernadette Castro . . .
. . . next to her Italian Provincial Convertible Couch!
Look! Perry Como!
And Salvatore Valducci!
Who's Salvatore Valducci?
He's only the Bocci Champ of Mulberry Street! Aside from that, he's a complete unknown!
There's Louis Prima!
Sam Butera and the Witnesses!
And Connie Francis!
And MAD Editor, Jerry De Fuccio!
And look there! It's the Seven Santini Brothers!
Fantastic Job, Mike! But you may have to make some changes!
Changes?! In my Masterpiece? Changes?! In my Immortal Life's Work?! Why?? WHY???
Gee, haven't you heard? I sold the restaurant! The new owner is converting it into a Jewish Delicatessen!
DRUCKER

Hey, guys! Don't you wish you could grow up fast? Like—tomorrow, and be a father so you can have your turn at making your kid's life miserable? Well, not so fast, fellah! Don't think your Old Man has it made! In fact, he's really gotten the lousy end of the stick! How come? Well, between the time he was a kid and the time he became a parent, something terrible happened . . . mainly, "Child Psychology"! Years ago, a kid had to worry about his parents' feelings. Now, when he's old enough to get his licks, he has to bow to the Psychology books that tell him: "Consider the child, above all." That's why we say:

FATHERS ARE TWO-TIME LOSERS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

...When It Comes To "*Report Cards*"



As a boy, Irving Blootz would shudder whenever he brought home a bad Report Card It meant he would be giving up fun time to concentrate on schoolwork.

Today, a Father must take total responsibility for his son's performance in school. So Irving still shudders at the sight of a Bad Report card. It means he'll be giving up "golf-time" to bone up on the "New Math" so he can concentrate on helping Junior with his schoolwork—if it's convenient for Junior.

...When It Comes To "*Reading Material*"

As a kid, Jeff Landy had to hide his girlie magazines from his parents because he knew that if they ever saw him with one, they'd think he was a dirty little boy.

Because it's not "healthy" to put too much emphasis on sex, Jeff still hides his girlie magazines, because if his kids ever saw him with one, they'd think he was a dirty old man.

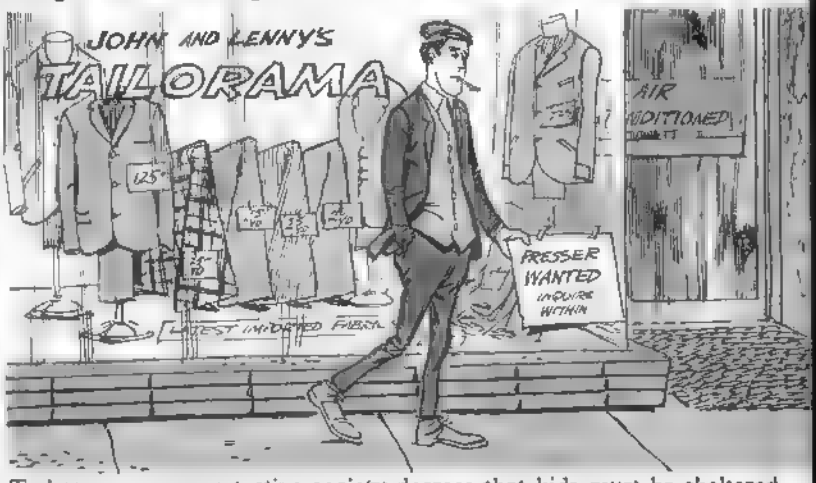
...When It Comes To "*Father-Son Relationship*"

Steve Cowznofski's Dad was always too busy for him. When the Old Man wasn't working, he'd never pay attention to Steve. He'd have fun with his cronies.

Since his childhood rejection left such scars on his psyche, Steve decided never to be too busy for his kids. He just didn't reckon on the possibility that they might be too busy for him. And after all, what kind of a welcome can a Father really expect when he comes home from the office empty-handed?

...When It Comes To "*Hobby Money*"

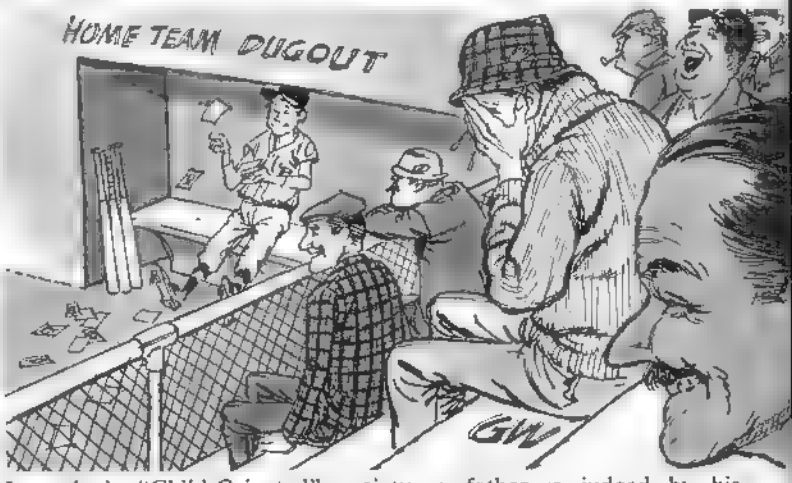
When Ralph Kipness was a little boy, his passion was "Stamp Collecting." To get the money he needed to buy a Stamp Album, Ralph took a job after school as a delivery boy



Today, our over-protective society decrees that kids must be sheltered from the cruel world of economic realities. So when Ralph's boy began his collection of Rare Coins, Ralph took a second job rather than deny Junior that mint-condition 1871-0 Silver Dollar that sells for $155.

...When It Comes To "*Athletic Achievements*"

Whenever Bob Mushblech was benched during a ball game, he would suffer terrible embarrassment and long for a quick, painless death. After all, what son wanted his father to think he was a failure?



In today's "Child-Oriented" society, a father is judged by his son's accomplishments. So Bob suffers terrible embarrassment and longs for a quick, painless death when his son sits out a game. After all, what man wants his friends to think he's a failure?

...When It Comes To "*Going To The Movies*"

Whenever he went to the movies, Ken Hickey would have to see the pictures his parents wanted to see. He'd even make believe that he was really enjoying the films because he couldn't hurt their feelings.

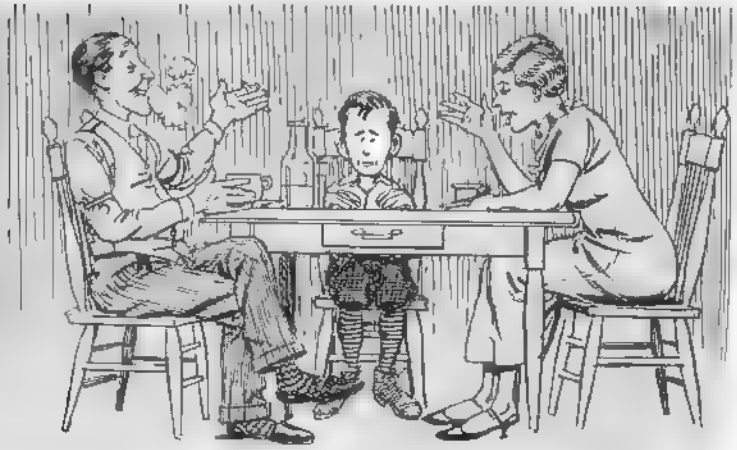
Today, when Ken goes to the movies, he has to see the pictures his son wants to see. And since he mustn't do anything to make his son doubt his set of values, Ken even makes believe he enjoys the films—which makes him a better actor than Jerry Lewis.

...When It Comes To "*Having His Own Room*"

As a boy, Lou Greppse was forced to share a room with his four brothers. And so, he couldn't wait to grow up, get married, buy a home and finally have a room of his own.

Because Psychiatrists claim that locking the parents' door might symbolize rejection to an impressionable youngster, Lou now has a room of his own with a steady stream of little intruders trooping through. They include his own four kids, their thirty friends, and two strangers who were just passing by.

...When It Comes To "*Family Conversation*"



Whenever his parents were engaged in conversation, Phil Finster would have to sit quietly and listen—bored stiff. He couldn't interject anything because children were supposed to be "seen and not heard".

Psychology books tell us: "It is essential that parents show an interest in their children." So Phil sits like death itself while his son goes on endlessly about his pal's ant collection. Today, it's parents who are supposed to be "seen and not heard".

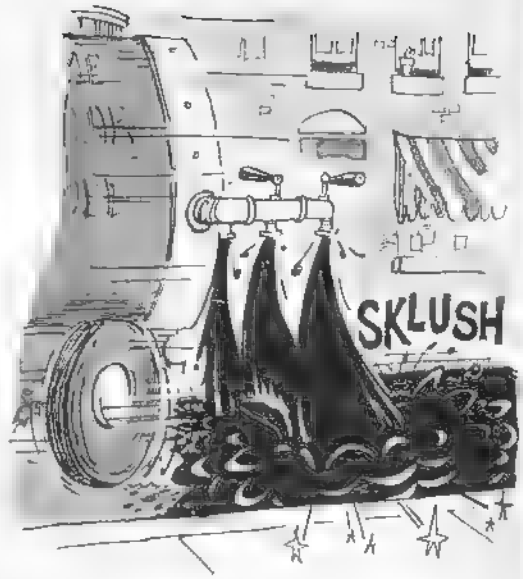
THE HAIRCUT...

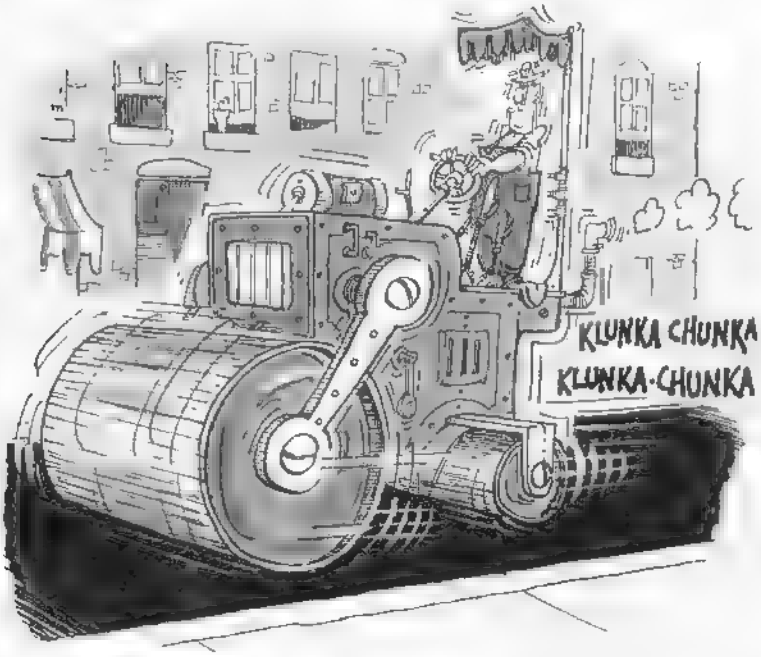
LOUIE'S
CELLAR
BARBER
SHOP

Give me a good one this time, Louis, and pay particular attention to the part! You know how fussy I am!
Yes, sir! Just let me adjust the chair a little, and...

KSSSH
Ooops!!
POINK

ACME
HOT TAR
AND
GRAVEL
CO.
ROOM


SKLUSH


KLUNKA CHUNKA
KLUNKA-CHUNKA

SKLIT
SKLIT

Oh, NO! What have I done!?

Well . . . it's a good, clean part, Louis! But you've got it on the wrong side!!

TEN-FORTY OR FIGHT DEPT.

The other day, as our Accountant was filling out our Income Tax Return, we (No, idiot, *we* at MAD don't send in a *Joint Return*—that's the *Editorial* "we"!) got to thinking. The United States Government is not supposed to favor any one particular class or group, and yet that is exactly what is happening when it comes to Accountants. Because of the impossibly complicated Income Tax Forms, hundreds of thousands of Accountants are employed to fill out Returns, while hundreds of thousands of others are kept busy examining them in the Internal Revenue Service. And this, we feel, is unfair! It is unfair to guarantee the members of one profession an income, when there are so many other occupations and professions who are in much greater need. With this in mind, we offer:

MAD's "SHARE THE WEALTH" INCOME TAX FORM

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

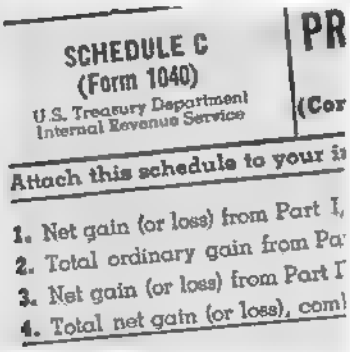
TODAY'S UNFAIR SYSTEM

WITH MAD'S "SHARE THE WEALTH" SYSTEM

HOW THE NEW MAD "SHARE THE WEALTH" IN

Today, many important occupations and professions are in dire financial circumstances. MAD's new Tax Form would assist them by including special sections in each Return that would require their services. Of course, this would not be mandatory, just as it is not mandatory to hire an Accountant today. But most people do hire Accountants to

OLD WAY, WITH ONLY TAX ACCOUNTANTS MAKING MONEY

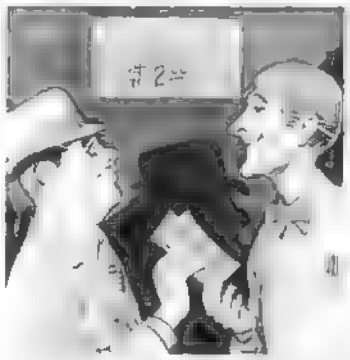

SCHEDULE C
(Form 1040)
U.S. Treasury Department
Internal Revenue Service

PR
(Cor

Attach this schedule to your i

1. Net gain (or loss) from Part I,
2. Total ordinary gain from Pa
3. Net gain (or loss) from Part I
4. Total net gain (or loss), com

Present Tax Form requires figure-work only, so most Taxpayers hire Accountants to handle entire Return.



Taxpayer pays Accountant a fee for this service, which in this case seems to be a real bargain . . . only $2.00!

Return is examined closely by Internal Revenue Service Accountant, whose salary is probably about $8000 a year.

Taxpayer ends up paying for $2.00 Accountant's blunder. Next time, he will wisely look for $5.00 Accountant.

NOW LET'S LOOK AT SOME EXCERPTS FROM

BONANZA SECTION FOR "ARTISTS"

SCHEDULE C: NUMBER OF DEPENDENTS CLAIMED AS EXEMPTIONS

In the space below, using an acceptable Illustrative Style, draw a **PICTURE** of all Dependents you plan to claim as exemptions at $600 per exemption:

Signature of Taxpayer claiming Deductions: ..... L.S. DeKOOK

Signature of Artist (if any) assisting Taxpayer *Norman Rocksinhead*

THIS SPACE FOR USE OF I.R.S. ARTIST EXAMINER ONLY

J.A. McN. Whistlestop

THIS ART WORK IS EXCELLENT, AND IF THE TAXPAYER'S FAMILY LOOKS ANYTHING LIKE THEIR DRAWINGS, HE'S GOT TROUBLES ENOUGH--SO I RECOMMEND HIS CLAIMS BE ***ACCEPTED WITHOUT RESERVATION!***

COME TAX FORM BONANZA WOULD WORK

fill out their returns, and they would hire these other specialists to fill out these new special sections, too—because it's just not worth taking a chance on having a Return audited, and having to go in to see a nasty Tax Examiner, and sitting all day, waiting and worrying and losing pay and getting a migraine headache and like that.

NEW WAY, WITH OTHER GROUPS GETTING INTO THE ACT

U S Treasury Department
Internal Revenue Service

SCHEDULE J (Form 1040)

CAPITAL GAINS (OR LOSSES)

Write an account of your experiences in the Stock Market, Real Estate or other Investment Areas using a clear, concise Narrative Style

New "Share The Wealth" Tax Form requires services of a Writer (among others) in addition to an Accountant.

So Taxpayer now pays $5.00 fee to Accountant, and also $2.00 fee to Writer for his help in filling out Return.

Return is examined closely by $8000 a year Internal Revenue Service Accountant and also $8000 IRS Writer.

And Taxpayer learns second lesson . . . which is that a $2.00 Writer is no better than a $2.00 Accountant.

FUTURE "SHARE THE WEALTH" TAX FORMS

BONANZA SECTION FOR "POETS"

SCHEDULE L: DEDUCTIBLE CONTRIBUTIONS

In the space below, list all direct donations, dues, fees, etc to any legal Charities, Fraternal Orders, Political Parties and other Groups for which you are claiming Deductions using an acceptable Rhyming Verse Form. (In other words, write a **POEM** about them!)

I GAVE:

To the N.A.M. and the C.I.O.,
To the group that fights dread POLIO,
To Rockwell's NAZIS, B'NAI BRITH,
And my Alma Mater, Dear OL' MITH,
To the new JFK LIBRARY,
And the great JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY,
To the G.O.P. and the DEMOCRATS,
And the D.A.R. and those COMMIE Rats,
To CHRISTMAS SEALS and EASTER, too,
To the CROSS that's RED and the one that's BLUE,
To the N.A.A.C.P.'s "Rights Plan",
And the "Lynch-Law Fund" of the KU KLUX KLAN,
To ARTHRITIS, NEPHRITIS and the A.D.A.,
To SOCIALIZED MEDICINE and the A.M.A.,
To SANE, who would ban the Nuclear Bomb,
And RIGHTIST EXTREMISTS who'd blow up VIET NAM
Without fear or favor, my giving was done;
The total in dollars was NINETEEN-OUGHT-ONE.

Signature of Taxpayer claiming Deductions: Irving Moogle

Signature of Poet (if any) assisting Taxpayer Henry Wadsworth Mickenny

THIS SPACE FOR USE OF I.R.S. POET EXAMINER ONLY

The total deduction he claims in this poem
I might find liveable.
But rhyming B'NAI BRITH and-choke- Dear OL' MITH?
That's unforgiveable!!

DENIED!

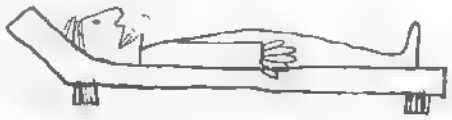
SCHEDULE M: MEDICAL EXPENSES CLAIMED AS DEDUCTIONS

In the space below, list all Deductions claimed as Medical Expenses using an acceptable Basic Teaching Method. (In other words, explain them in **PRIMER** form.).

Beauty Used To Be The Beast

See the Taxpayer's wife.
She has a pretty face.
But it was not always pretty.
It used to have a big bulging nose.
It used to have a big bulging chin.
It used to have big bulging jowls.
It used to have big bulging eye-bags.
But nothing bulges anymore.
Except one thing:
Her Doctor's Bank Account

WIFE'S PLASTIC SURGERY: $4500.00



Talk Is Not Cheap

See the boy.
He is the Taxpayer's boy.
He has a nice personality.
He also has a rotten personality.
That means he has two personalities.
But there is only room enough in his head for one personality.
So his head is very crowded.
In fact, it is stuffed.
Will it burst?
Burst, burst, burst!
No, because he goes to a Special Doctor.
This Doctor makes heads smaller.
Without even touching them.
Isn't that clever?

SON'S HEADSHRINKER: $2900.00

TOTAL MEDICAL DEDUCTION CLAIMED: $7400.00

Signature of Taxpayer claiming Deductions: . . . . . Herman Hypochondriac

Signature of Teacher (if any) assisting Taxpayer Bessie Moonlighter

THIS SPACE FOR USE OF I.R.S. TEACHER EXAMINER ONLY

See the Sad Taxpayer
He has so much heartaches.
Heartaches, heartaches, heartaches.
We could make this Sad Taxpayer happy.

We could allow his Medical Deductions.
Allow, allow, allow.
But we won't.
Plastic Surgery is stretching it a bit.

$4500.00

SCHEDULE P: PROPERTY LOSSES CLAIMED AS DEDUCTIONS

In the space below, supply acceptable convincing **PHOTOGRAPHS** of all Property which has been Damaged, Destroyed, Stolen, etc., and is being claimed as a Deductible Loss

TOTAL LOSSES CLAIMED AS DEDUCTION: $3700.00

Signature of Taxpayer claiming Deduction Henry Hardluck

Signature of Photographer (if any) assisting Taxpayer Izzy Instamatic

THIS SPACE FOR USE OF I.R.S. PHOTOGRAPHER EXAMINER ONLY

These photographs are certainly convincing. I am convinced this guy is trying to pull a fast one, and recommend that we throw the book at him. Maybe next time, he'll hire a real photographer who can set up realistic studio props instead of trying to get away with these amateurish attempts.

DISALLOWED!

SCHEDULE X: EXPLANATION FOR FILING OF LATE RETURN

In the space below, write a **COMEDY MONOLOGUE** explaining why your 1965 Tax Return has been filed beyond the April 15th deadline (and make it **funny!**)

A funny thing happened to me on the way to filing my 1965 Tax Return. On April 15th, as I rushed up to my corner mailbox, I was startled to see a man crying softly as he posted what I presumed was his own Tax Return.

"There's nothing certain in this world but death and taxes," I laughed.

"Funny you should say that," he answered grimly, "because I'm not paying my taxes. In fact, I don't intend to pay my taxes at all. The letter I just mailed was to my parents, informing them of the death of my wife and three children in a fire that destroyed my home."

"You're kidding," I said. "You mean to say you have no intention of filing a Tax Return?"

"That's right!" he snapped, and jumping into his car, he sped away.

Well, this statement so unnerved me that I couldn't let it go unexplained. I quickly hailed a cab and followed the man to a suburban address, where I found him standing and staring at the charred remains of what was once a fashionable residence.

"I couldn't help wondering why you have no intention of paying your taxes," I told him. "Is it because you have no income?"

"Not at all," he replied. "In fact, I have a very good income. I'm a catcher for the Los Angeles Dodgers."

"Oh! Then you're a TAX DODGER!" I quipped with rapier wit.

When I came to, several days later, I noticed that in all the excitement, I had neglected to mail my own Tax Return. You might say that, in attempting to catch a DODGER, I had failed to DODGE a CATCHER.

And that is why my Return is late.

Signature of Taxpayer filing Late Return Explanation — John Straightman

Signature of Comedy Writer (if any) assisting Taxpayer — Milton Boil

THIS SPACE FOR USE OF I.R.S. COMEDY WRITER EXAMINER ONLY

One thing is unpardonable, and that's letting an Accountant write a funny story, as was obviously done in this case. Throw the book at this guy!

EXCUSE UNACCEPTABLE!

INTEROFFICE MEMO From: Chief of I.R.S. Accounting Dept. To: I.R.S. Comedy Examiner

Thanks for turning this form over to us. We contacted the Taxpayer and got the name of the Baseball Tax Dodger he referred to. It will mean plenty of back taxes, penalties and fines. Sidney Gourmanty

P.S. By the way, we in the Accounting Department thought the Taxpayer's story was hilarious. We're all still laughing. Sg.

SCHEDULE Z: ESTIMATED INCOME TAX FOR 1966

In the space below, using acceptable Prognostication and Clairvoyance Methods, estimate your Income Tax for 1966, and show method in detail:

ESTIMATED 1966 INCOME TAX: $2150.00

Signature of Taxpayer making Estimate: Fenton Finster

Signature of Fortune Teller (if any) assisting Taxpayer: Gypsy Rose Levy

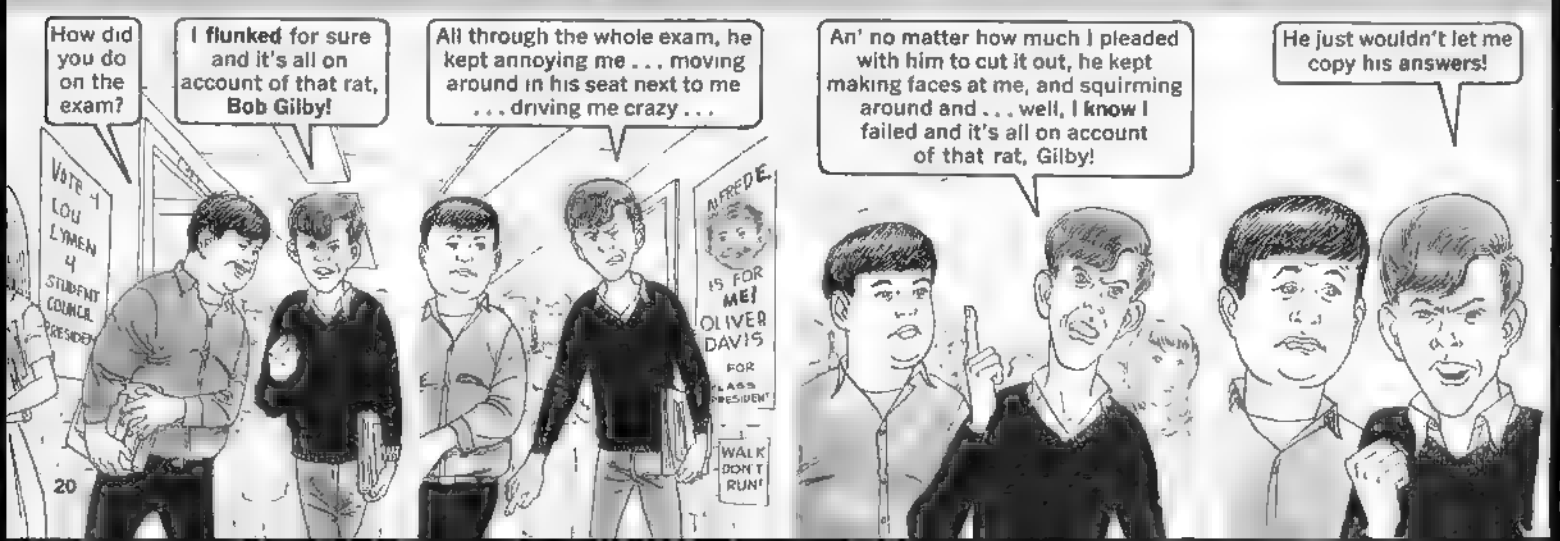
THIS SPACE FOR USE OF I.R.S. FORTUNE TELLER EXAMINER ONLY

Foretelling the future with cards has always been rather inaccurate. This Estimated Tax is far too low! I checked by looking into my crystal ball, and found these dire predictions exaggerated. The Taxpayer's luck is going to be better in every area except one: His gypsy Fortune Teller swiped his wallet!

Madam Zaza Paza,

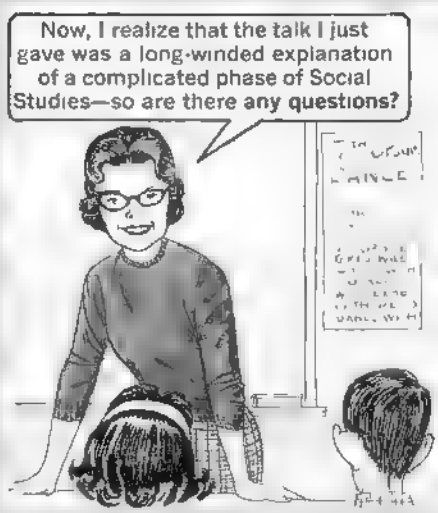
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

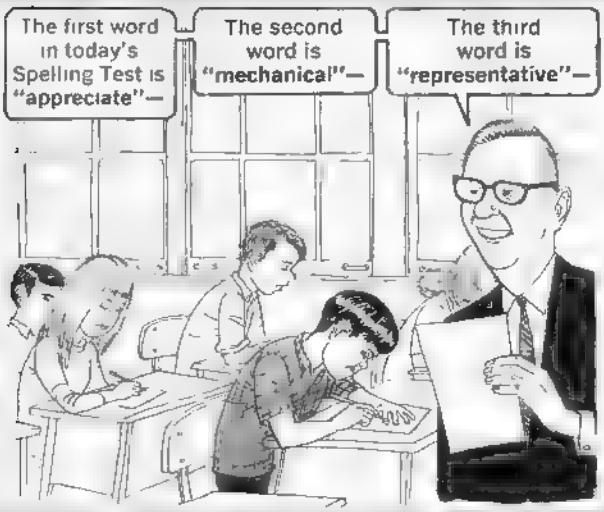
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF

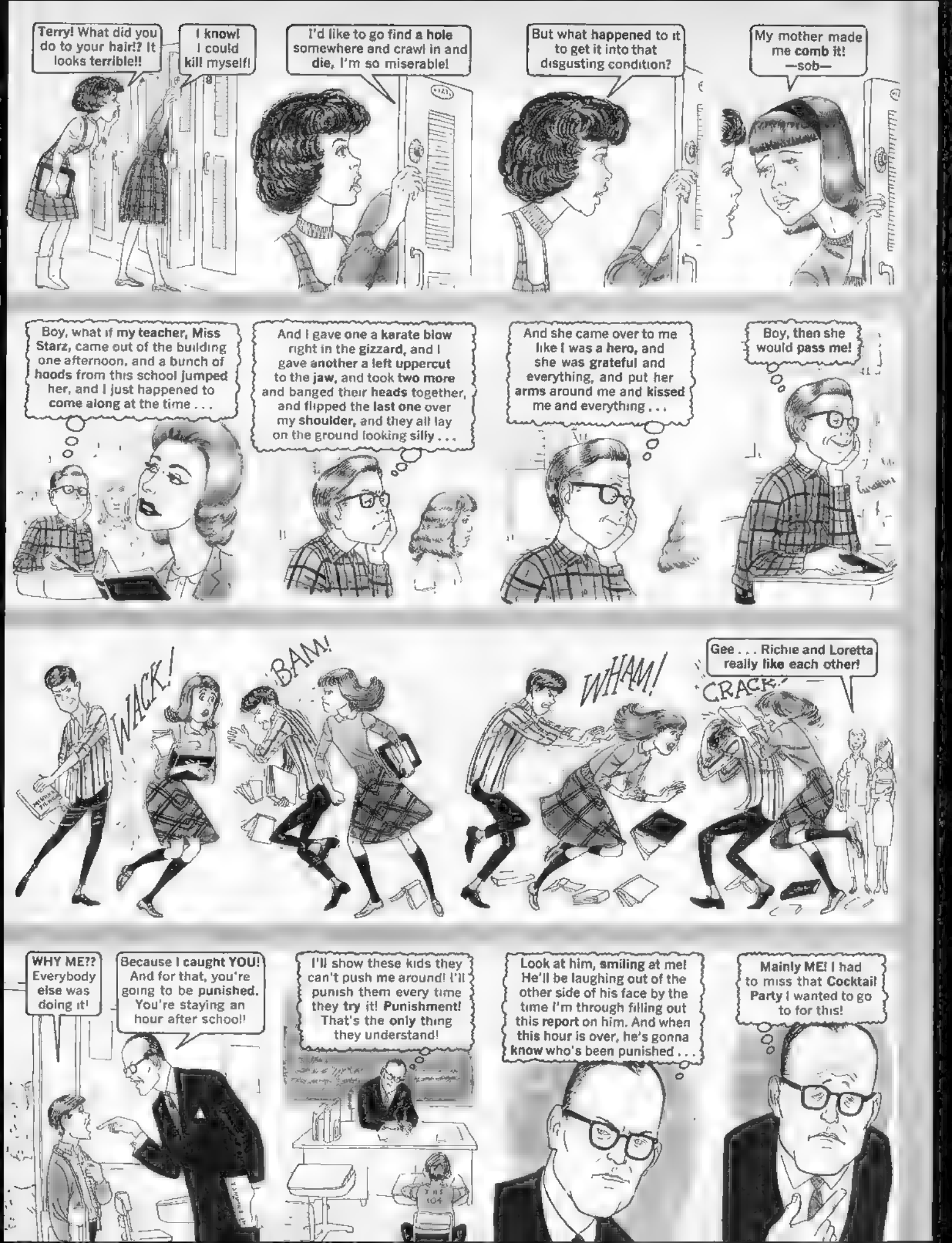


JUNIOR HIGH

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG






Terry! What did you do to your hair!? It looks terrible!!
I know! I could kill myself!
I'd like to go find a hole somewhere and crawl in and die, I'm so miserable!
But what happened to it to get it into that disgusting condition?
My mother made me comb it! —sob—
Boy, what if my teacher, Miss Starz, came out of the building one afternoon, and a bunch of hoods from this school jumped her, and I just happened to come along at the time . . .
And I gave one a karate blow right in the gizzard, and I gave another a left uppercut to the jaw, and took two more and banged their heads together, and flipped the last one over my shoulder, and they all lay on the ground looking silly . . .
And she came over to me like I was a hero, and she was grateful and everything, and put her arms around me and kissed me and everything . . .
Boy, then she would pass me!
WACK!
BAM!
WHAM!
CRACK!
Gee . . . Richie and Loretta really like each other!
WHY ME?? Everybody else was doing it!
Because I caught YOU! And for that, you're going to be punished. You're staying an hour after school!
I'll show these kids they can't push me around! I'll punish them every time they try it! Punishment! That's the only thing they understand!
Look at him, smiling at me! He'll be laughing out of the other side of his face by the time I'm through filling out this report on him. And when this hour is over, he's gonna know who's been punished . . .
Mainly ME! I had to miss that Cocktail Party I wanted to go to for this!

"You call this a report card?"
You call this a report card?
"Look at these marks! Why can't you be like Mary Jane Reddington and bring home all A's, too?"
C . . . C— . . . C+ . . . C! Maybe if you studied as hard as Mary Jane Reddington, you'd bring home all A's like she brings home!
"You're going to stop playing that stupid guitar and get down to your school work!"
No more fooling around with that lousy electric guitar, you hear? You're gonna get down to school work instead, understand?
"Did it ever occur to you that maybe I'm doing the best can? At least I'm not failing!"
Whaddya think— I'm not doing the best I can? For cryin' out loud, at least I'm not failing!

Some of my classmates are coming over. For goodness sake, act nice! Straighten up the house! Dress decent! And please, PLEASE! DON'T SAY ANYTHING STUPID!
What's with her?
At this age, every kid is ashamed of her parents, no matter what they say or do! So for her sake, let's be especially nice!
Ellen Finder, Connie Kramer, this is my Mother and Father . . .
Grunt—
Mmph
How do you do?
Pleased to meet you!
OOOOOHH! I'm dying of shame! There they go—saying something stupid again.

What kind of way is that to dress?
Which kinda way? This kinda way? All the kids dress like this at school.
That's ridiculous! Must you conform to the group? Haven't you got a mind of your own? Can't you be an individual?
They'd think I was some kind of nut! I wouldn't be accepted!
Hey, what kind of way is that to dress?
Which kind of way? This kind of way? All the men dress like this at the office!
That's ridiculous! Must you conform to the group? Haven't you got a mind of your own? Can't you be an individual?
They'd think I was some kind of . . . AH, SHADDUP! KIDS NOWADAYS HAVE SUCH BIG MOUTHS!

Are you serious? Those are "kid shoes"! I want high heels!
You know, Sam, she's right! She's ready for high heels!
How do you like that? My little girl, wearing high heels already! Next comes High School, then College, then she'll be getting married, and then she'll make me a Grandfather, and then it'll be time for me to retire! Gee, where have all the years gone?
How do you like them, Daddy?
Better leave your father alone. He's feeling very old and very sorry for himself.
Well, how do you like them, Mom?
Better leave me alone, too! I'm feeling the same way!

GUARANTEED-OFF DEPT.

Didja ever notice how, when you buy something new, you always find a tag that congratulates you on your wise purchase and gives you a few helpful hints on how to care for

Some "Purchase Tags" Fe

MOORE-McMOORMICK SHIPYARDS, INC.

"There are good ships, and there are bad ships . . . but there's no ship like a "Moore-McMoormick Ship"

ON THE RIVER AT 55th STREET, OLDPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA

Congratulations!

You have just purchased one of the world's finest passenger liners!

Your liner has been constructed of the finest SANFORIZED metals, and shrinkage is guaranteed to be less than 1%.

Your liner features the newest and simplest steering systems:

(1) Push the handle forward, and your ship will go forward.
(2) Push the handle backward, and your ship will go backward.
(3) Push the handle sideways, and you bust off the handle.

Your liner will give you years of satisfaction if you just follow these few simple hints:

- Store in a cool, damp place. The ocean would be ideal.
- Do not attempt to pass your liner under low bridges.
- Do not attempt to pass your liner over low bridges.
- Avoid icebergs.
- Protect the hull from rough abrasives such as scouring powder, sandpaper, steel wool and large jagged rocks.
- Do not operate liner with its sea cocks (drain plugs) open. (Operating liner with its sea cocks open voids warranty—and gets everything else soaked, besides!)

WARRANTY

Your liner has been designed, built and tested by men who have spent years at sea (or have, at least, hung around the docks a lot) before leaving our shipyards.

Should it become defective during use, remove the passengers and return it to us. This warranty does not apply in cases where the liner was used on land, or in water less than fifteen feet deep.

BIG BABY MISSILE & ROCKET MANUFACTURING CO.

"When you reach for the stars, reach for a 'Big Baby'!"

PINK SANDS PROVING GROUNDS — ALAMAGOOGOO, NEW MEXICO

Dear proud New Rocket and/or Missile Owner:

Congratulations! You have just purchased the finest rocket available for your pad! No special care or handling is required for your "Big Baby." Merely treat it as you would any other multi-million dollar object.

An occasional dusting and waxing will keep your "Big Baby" rocket gleaming in the sunlight—so important in these days of "live" TV coverage.

Your new rocket is so simple to operate, any genius from sixty to sixty-six can launch it.

Warranty

Your "Big Baby" is Warranteed for 500,000 miles or 5 hours—whichever comes first, and is guaranteed "waterproof" as long as case, fins and nose-cone remain intact.

Should your new rocket prove defective during the warranty Period, return all the pieces to the factory in the enclosed brown paper bag.

Should your new rocket require service during the period prior to launching, return it to the factory along with $250,000 (to cover postage and handling). Do NOT send your "Big Baby" back to the factory under its own power!

CAUTION: BEFORE LAUNCHING, BE SURE THAT THE "POINTY" PART OF THE ROCKET FACES "UP"!

This tag applies to "Big Baby" Model #678 (stenciled U.S.A.) and "Big Baby" Model #679 (stenciled U.S.S.R.) only. With all other models, you take your chances.

your new acquisition? And didja ever wonder if every item sold these days has one of these "Purchase Tags"? Well, this article should satisfy your curiosity as MAD presents

w People Ever Get To See

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

STURDY-BUILT-DAMS, INC.

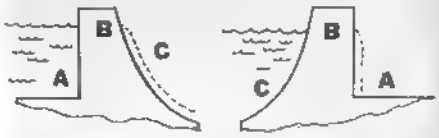
"Hold Your Water With A 'Sturdy-Built Dam'"!

Congratulations! You have just purchased one of the world's best dams (packed in what is probably one of the world's biggest boxes)!

Unpack carefully, and make sure that you have all of the following:

- 1 Dam
- 1 Hydro-Electric Generator
- 1 Instruction Manual
- 500,000 full-color picture postcards (for tourist souvenirs).

Be sure to place your new "Sturdy-Built Dam" in the proper location, mainly between two mountains and in front of the water you plan to dam up. Please note that this water should be on side "A", passing through "B" and cascading down spillway "C" as in Picture 1.



PICTURE 1. PICTURE 2.

If unit is reversed, as in Picture 2, your "Sturdy-Built Dam" will still operate, but it WILL NOT look pretty like on the full-color picture postcards.

Your new Dam will operate efficiently on fresh water, salt water, and in severe drought areas, on gin.

Clean often with steel wool to avoid that tell-tale "ring around the Dam."

The unit you have just purchased was carefully engineered by "Sturdy-Built" to give you years of trouble-free service. If any problem should arise, our whole dam company is solidly behind you.

ANIMALS FOR THE MOVIES, INC.

Dear Discriminating Motion Picture Producer:

The Gorilla you have just purchased will give you years of satisfactory service, and allow you to turn out hundreds of Grade-B Movies.

No special care is needed for your Gorilla. Treat it as you would any other common vicious Man-Killer.

For best results, your Gorilla should be given a Factory Check-Up every five thousand bananas.

Wash your Gorilla once a month. (And more often, if you plan to be eating on the set.)

Dry-Cleaning or Ironing your Gorilla will result in severe damage . . . to you, from a very angry Gorilla.

With care and patience, you should be able to teach your new Gorilla many tricks, like "Fetch a woman," "Climb a building," "Catch an airplane," "Tear down an 'El' ", etc.

Guarantee

Your Gorilla is guaranteed to turn in fine acting performances for a period of 5 years. (This Guarantee is VOID if Gorilla is allowed to co-star with Troy Donahue, Frankie Avalon or Sandra Dee.) Your Gorilla will grow at the rate of one foot per month, so it is imperative that you DO NOT attempt to return him in the original shipping carton should he prove unsatisfactory. Simply pin a note to his chest (very carefully) explaining what is wrong with him, and give him bus fare to the nearest Factory Authorized Service. You may wish to insure him, since we cannot be responsible for Gorillas lost in transit.

The Face On The Town Square Walk

(With apologies to H. Antoine D'Arcy's "The Face On The Barroom Floor")

Illustrated by: Jack Davis Written by: Tom Koch

'Twas summertime at Newport Beach, a motley crowd was there
Of bearded motorcycle bums, while cops patrolled the square.

The local shops were closed up tight with shutters battened down,
For word had spread from mouth to mouth: "The cycling mob's in town!"

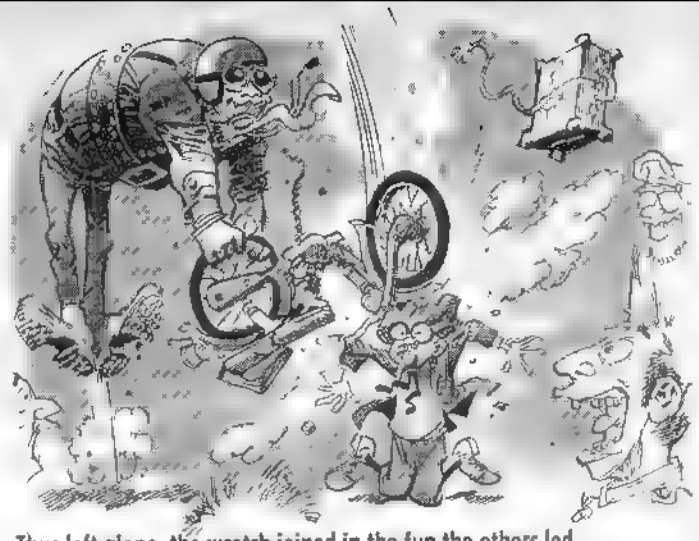
Their jackets were of leather, all inscribed with fearful names:
"The Flying Wheels," "Hell's Angels" and "The Roaring Vulgar Dames."
The beer flowed free as each bum spoke with pride of his machine,
Then up the darkened street, a Honda sputtered on the scene.

Upon it sat a vagabond, his face alive with fear
As rowdies soon surrounded him to curse his bike and jeer.
"He's come to share his toy," smirked one, and gave the wretch a poke,
While others kicked the Honda's tires and chortled at the joke.

A flood of jibes the vagrant took with stoical good grace
Although he twitched and thus revealed his hatred of this place.
Across the square, the cops foresaw the makings of a fight
And, running true to form, they quickly vanished in the night.

"I'd gladly drink to one and all, and toast you with good cheer;
But first, of course, someone would have to offer me a beer."
The vagrant's friendly manner caught the bullies by surprise;
The can of beer he sought they gave him, right between the eyes.

"'Tis quite a yarn," he mused aloud, "And yet I swear it's true
That I was once a speed-crazed thug like every one of you."
The rowdies gladly paid his price this wondrous tale to hear.
While one pried open-wide his mouth, another poured the beer.



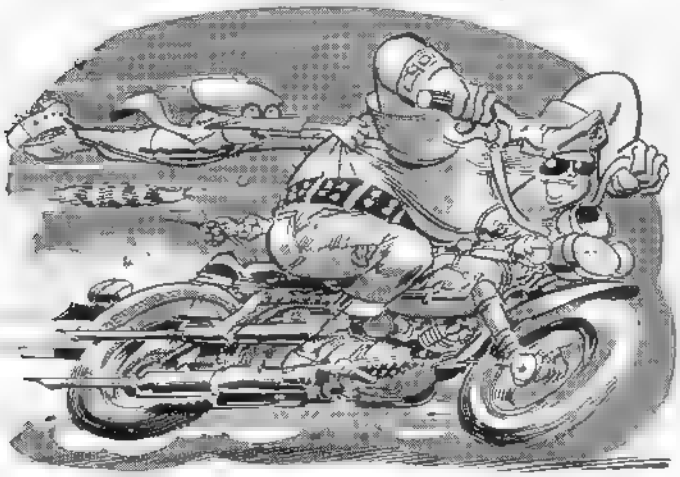
Thus left alone, the wretch joined in the fun the others led,
Pretending not to notice when they clubbed him on the head.
"You all have hearts of gold," he said, while sinking to his knees,
"To welcome such a slob as I whose bike is Japanese.

He smacked his lips in sheer delight and said, "I'll tell you how
I came to be the Honda fink who stands before you now.
You might not guess I ever wore a leather coat of black
Emblazoned with a gory skull and crossbones on the back.

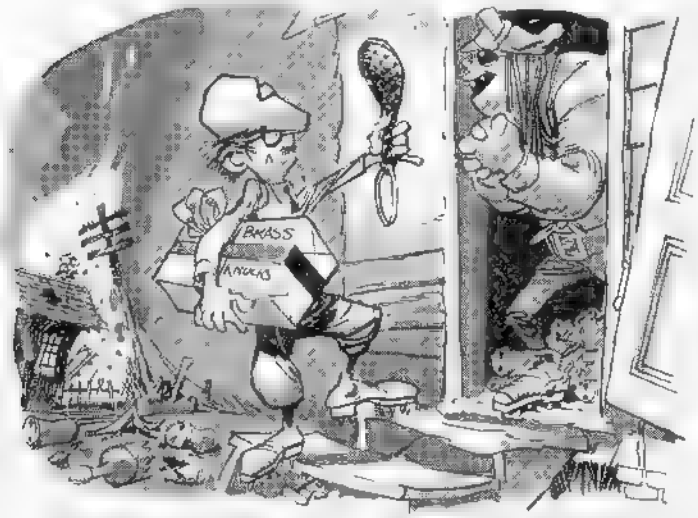
"My humble thanks," the stranger said. "This makes us buddies now.
I'll drink to that once I've dislodged this beer can from my brow."
Then pleased at having made new friends, he lolled upon the ground,
And pledged he'd tell his story if they'd serve another round.

"I may not seem the type who'd grow long hair and scraggly beard;
Who'd clobber cops at beach resorts while others stood and cheered;
Or stop my bike to kick a child and leave him black and blue.
But once I played such manly games. The words I speak are true.

"I left a note for Mommy and I pinned it to my bed;
Then met this chick at Joe's Saloon, and out of town we sped.
We raced to every rally that two cycling nuts could find;
She drove with throttle open wide while I hung on behind.



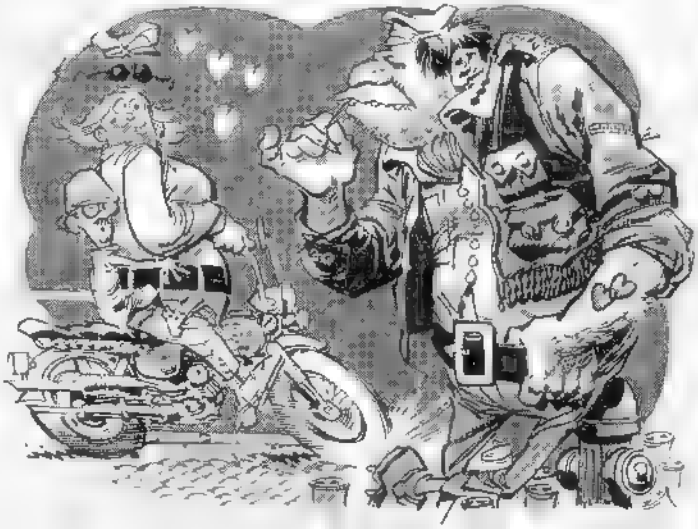
"I see you smirk that one so meek as I should make the claim
That I was once a ruthless rat who loved a ruthless dame;
And even dared to hope that such a raunchy chick loved me;
For though I lacked both looks and cash, I'd learned brutality.



"I'll tell you how it all began, my brutal rise to fame.
You'll find the story far from dull; it started with a dame.
She owned a Harley-Davidson with pipes of gleaming chrome.
Small wonder that I fell in love and ran away from home.

"I learned the joy of rioting from members of your flock;
The thrill of pride that comes from felling widows with a rock.
Yes, I was once a rotten tough who bellowed dirty jokes,
And did my bit to rid the world of law-abiding folks.

"My world was filled with many dreams in those dear days long past.
Then at a summer lake resort, they all were shattered fast.
For there my dame soon spied a bum more sloven than the rest,
With matted hair and vulgar tongue, part anthropoid at best.



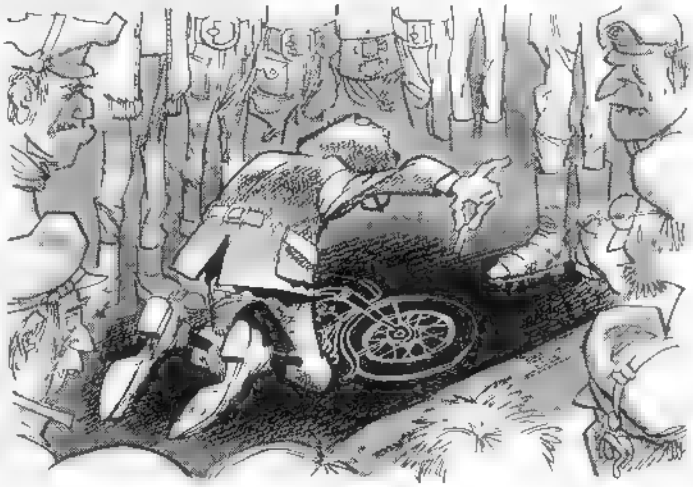
"Through all that day, her hand in his, they cased the lakeside town.
She helped him loot the liquor store; they burned a Rest Home down.
That night, I heard her Harley roar and knew the pair had flown.
My love was gone and I was left to face the fuzz alone.

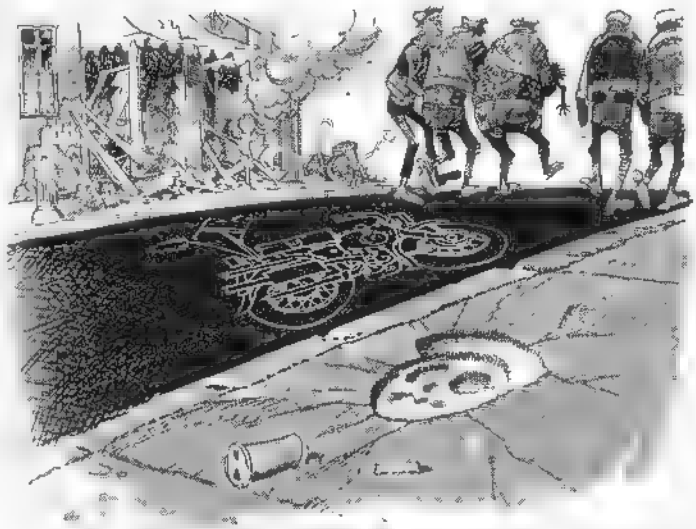
"Though now I wander o'er the land, I can't erase from view
The mental picture of the only love I ever knew.
And if one of you surly lads might have a piece of chalk,
I'll gladly sketch each lovely feature here upon this walk."

The vagrant crouched and eyed his work; then gazed at those above.
"So now you know," he said, "How I became a fool in love.
No life have I without that bike!" he cried out in torment,
And forward fell to leave his face imprinted in cement.

"The cops surveyed the wreckage, crumpled bodies and the like;
Then judged me the first cycling bum they'd caught who had no bike.
My sentence served, I then received what convict cyclists do:
A Honda and ten bucks in cash to start my life anew.

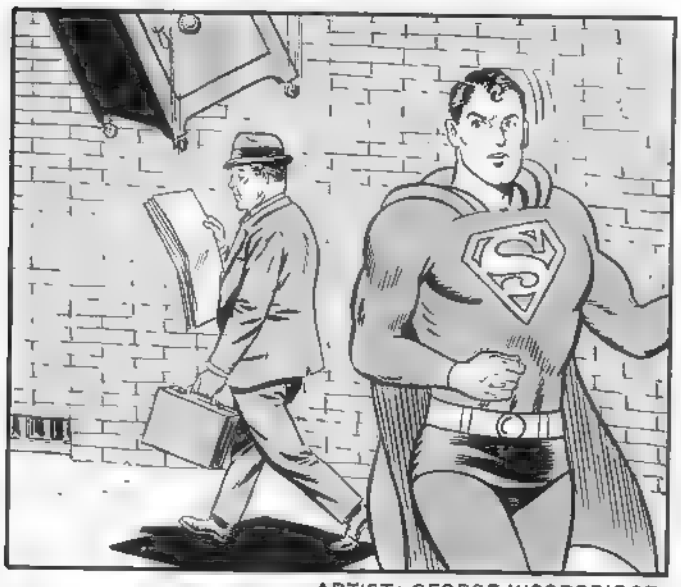
The vagabond, on hands and knees, transformed the grey concrete
Into a thing of beauty as his sketch became complete.
The thugs all pulled out hankies and gave misty eyes a wipe.
What graceful sweeping handlebars! What gently curving pipe!

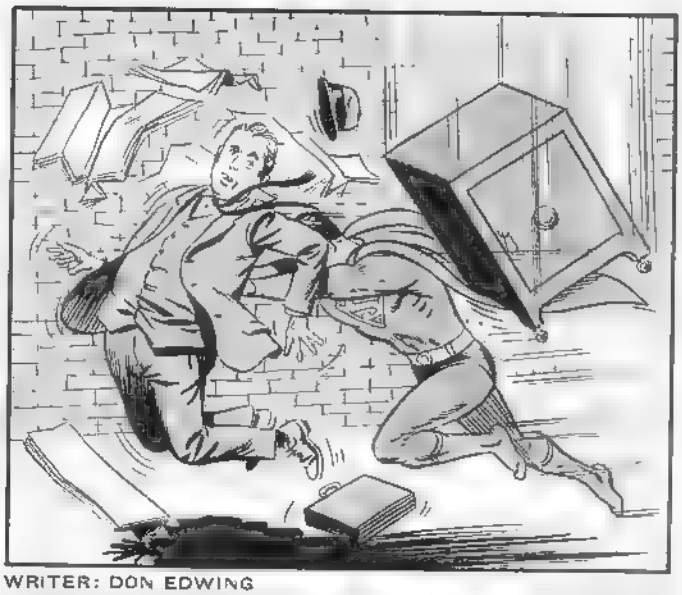




KENT SATISFIES BEST? DEPT.

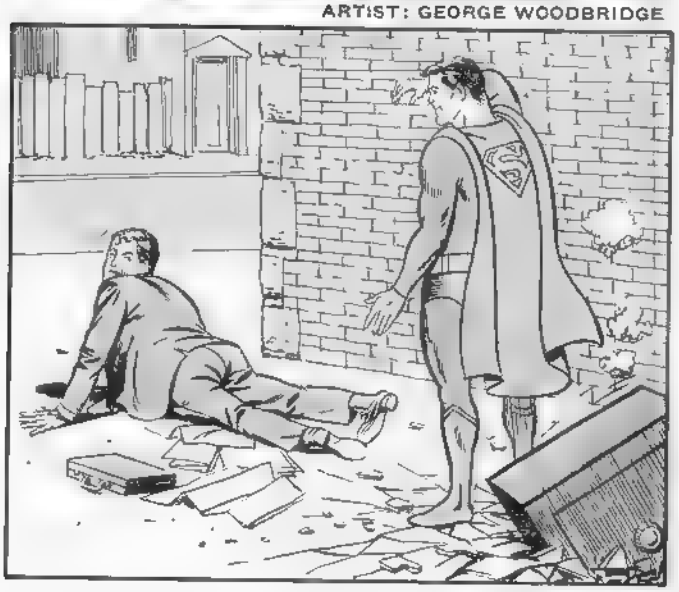
A "COMICS" SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

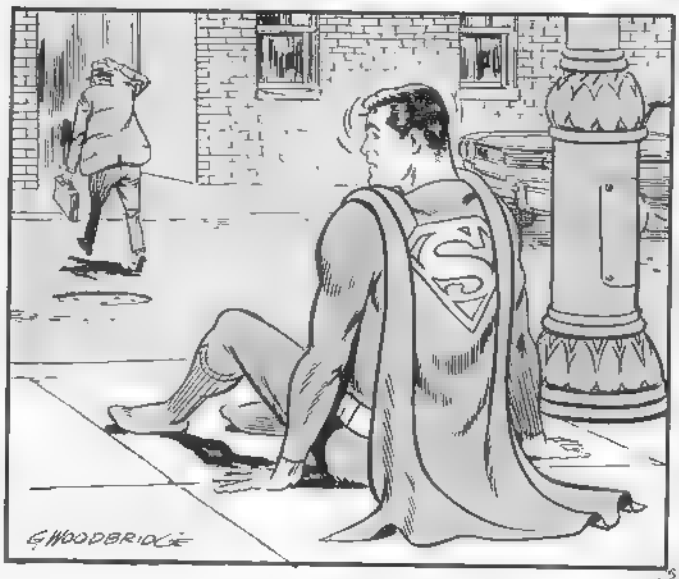




ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

WRITER: DON EDWING

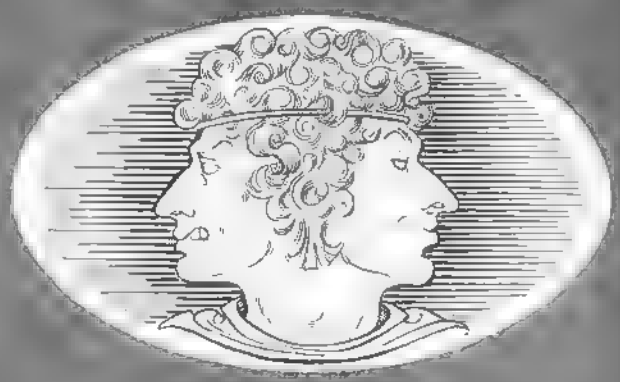




ABOUT FACE DEPT.

Do you know the difference between a "hypocrite" and a "liar"? Well, the liar *knows* that he's throwing the bull, but the hypocrite actually *believes* the bull that he's throwing. Confused? (If you answer "No", you're a liar. And if the Editor of this rag answers "No", he's a hypocrite!) So here we go again with another of those clever, amusing and popular (and there's a hypocritical statement if you ever read one!) Primers—designed to expose the hypocrites and hypocritical situations surrounding us these days:

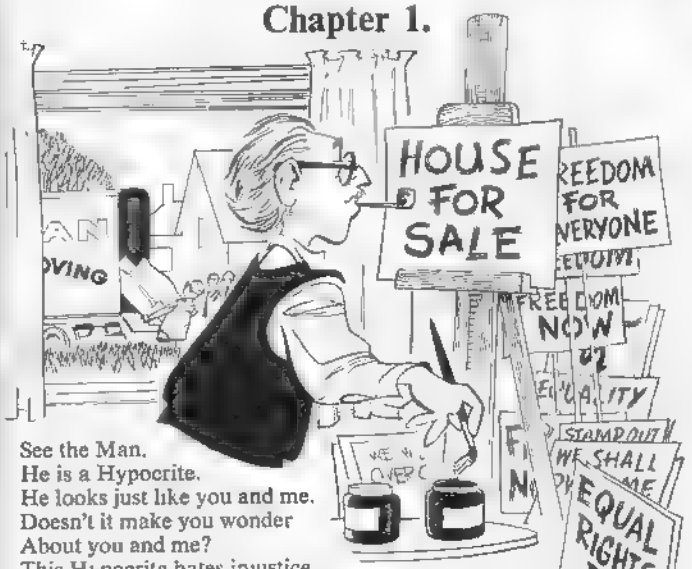
The MAD HYPOCRITE PRIMER



Illustrated by Robert J. Clarke

Written by Stanley Hart

Chapter 1.

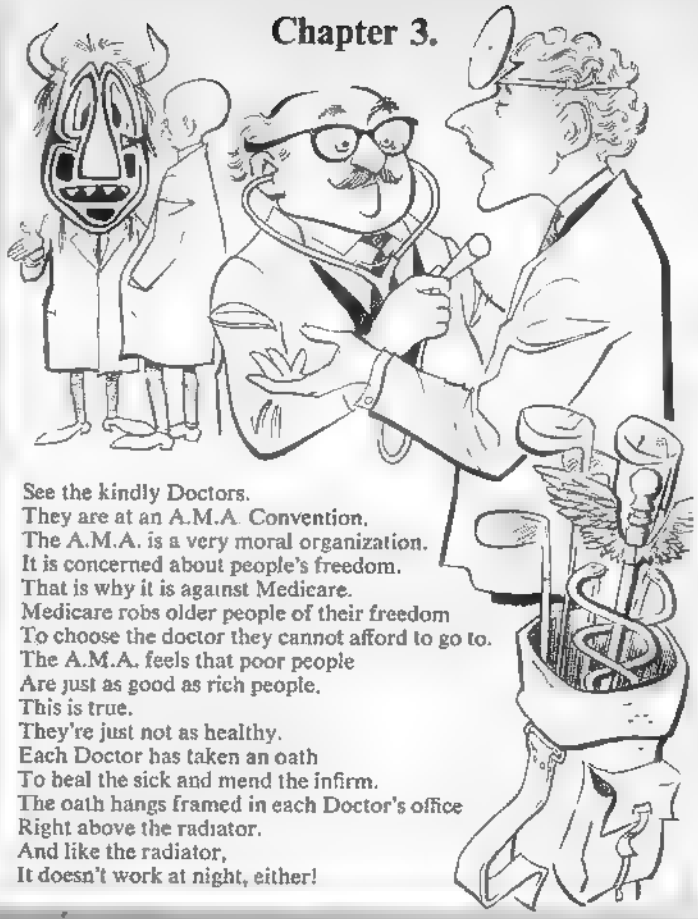


See the Man.
He is a Hypocrite.
He looks just like you and me.
Doesn't it make you wonder
About you and me?
This Hypocrite hates injustice
He worries about equal rights for Minority Groups.
Right now, he is worrying about his new neighbors.
His new neighbors are members of a Minority Group.
They have just moved in.
They are looking for equal rights.
Of course, that's fine with him . . . BUT
He worries that they may be uncomfortable in this neighborhood.
He worries that they may suffer from prejudice in this neighborhood.
He hopes they will be happy in this neighborhood.
But he will never know.
Because he won't *be* in this neighborhood.
He is moving out!

Chapter 2.

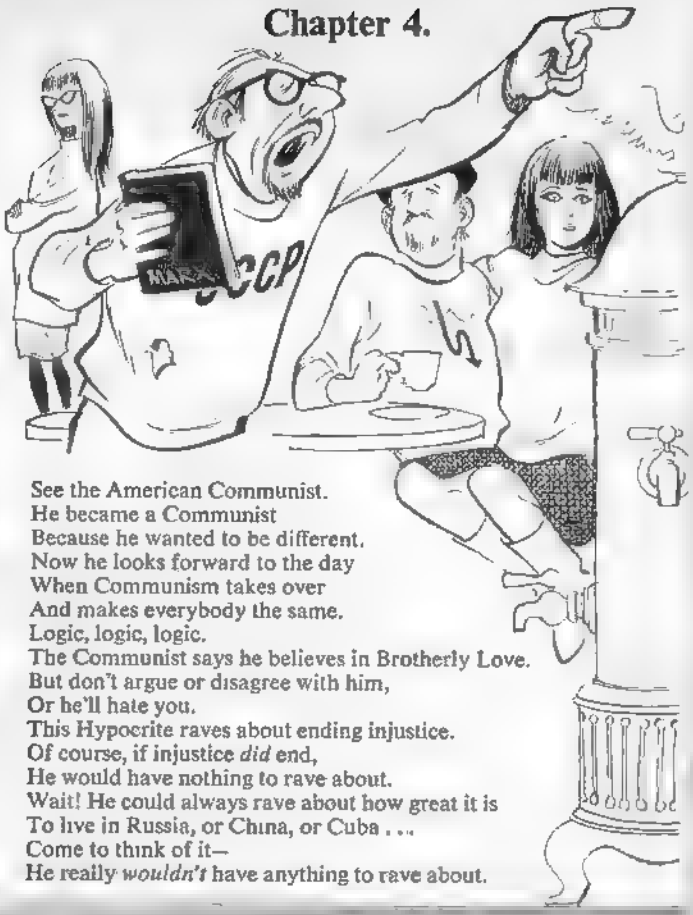
See the Southern Congressman.
He is a Public Servant.
He is not like an ordinary servant.
An ordinary servant usually *cleans up* a mess.
The Southern Congressman says he loves Peace.
He loves Peace so much
That he is willing to send us to war to preserve it.
? ?
Do you know that Congressmen are exempt from the draft?
This Hypocrite votes millions of dollars for Foreign Aid.
He is happy to export Democracy to Undeveloped Nations.
He is happy to export Democracy anywhere
As long as it stays out of his home state!

Chapter 3.



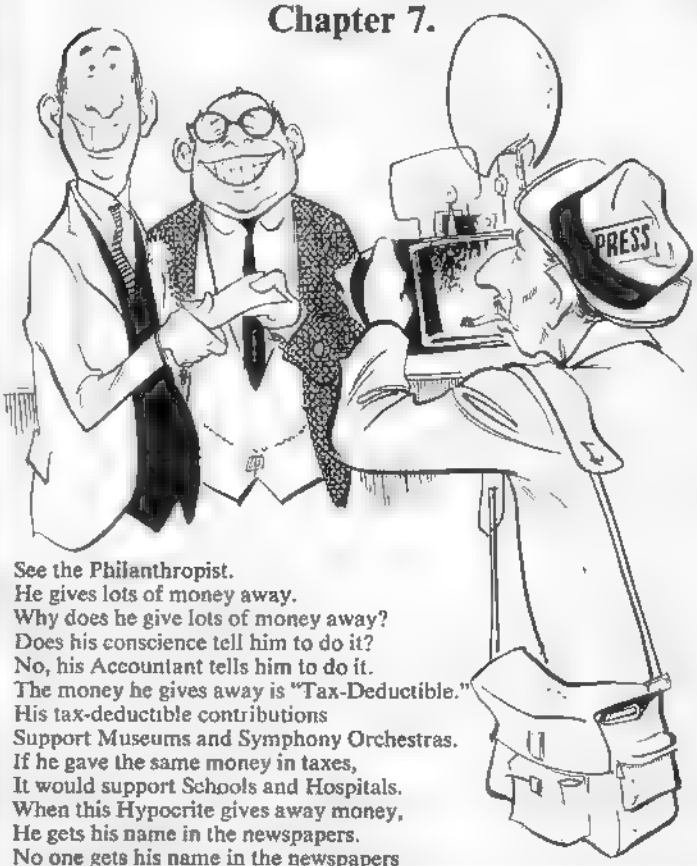
See the kindly Doctors.
They are at an A.M.A. Convention.
The A.M.A. is a very moral organization.
It is concerned about people's freedom.
That is why it is against Medicare.
Medicare robs older people of their freedom
To choose the doctor they cannot afford to go to.
The A.M.A. feels that poor people
Are just as good as rich people.
This is true.
They're just not as healthy.
Each Doctor has taken an oath
To heal the sick and mend the infirm.
The oath hangs framed in each Doctor's office
Right above the radiator.
And like the radiator,
It doesn't work at night, either!

Chapter 4.



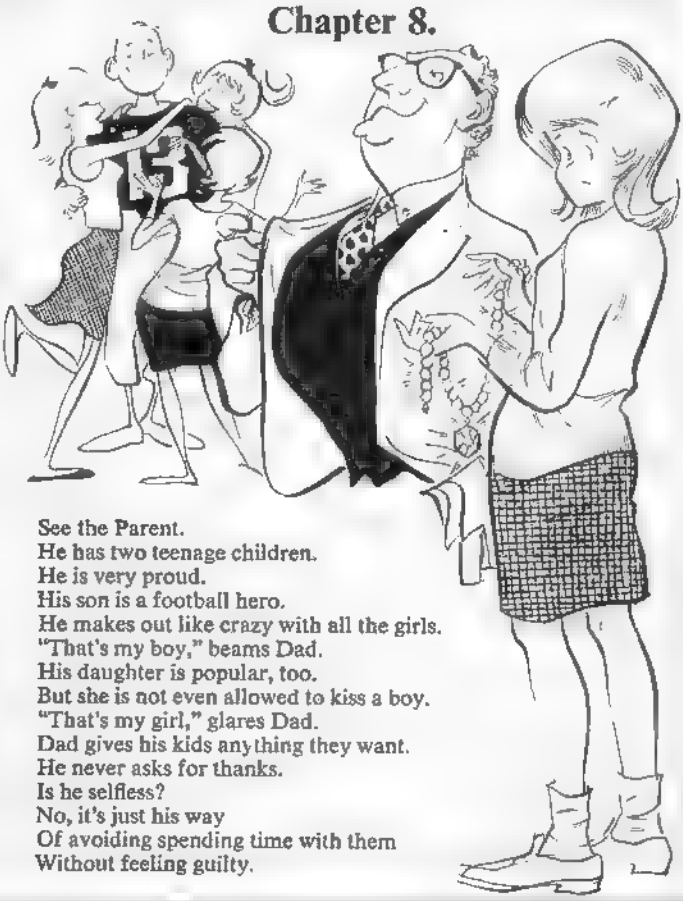
See the American Communist.
He became a Communist
Because he wanted to be different.
Now he looks forward to the day
When Communism takes over
And makes everybody the same.
Logic, logic, logic.
The Communist says he believes in Brotherly Love.
But don't argue or disagree with him,
Or he'll hate you.
This Hypocrite raves about ending injustice.
Of course, if injustice *did* end,
He would have nothing to rave about.
Wait! He could always rave about how great it is
To live in Russia, or China, or Cuba . . .
Come to think of it—
He really *wouldn't* have anything to rave about.

Chapter 7.



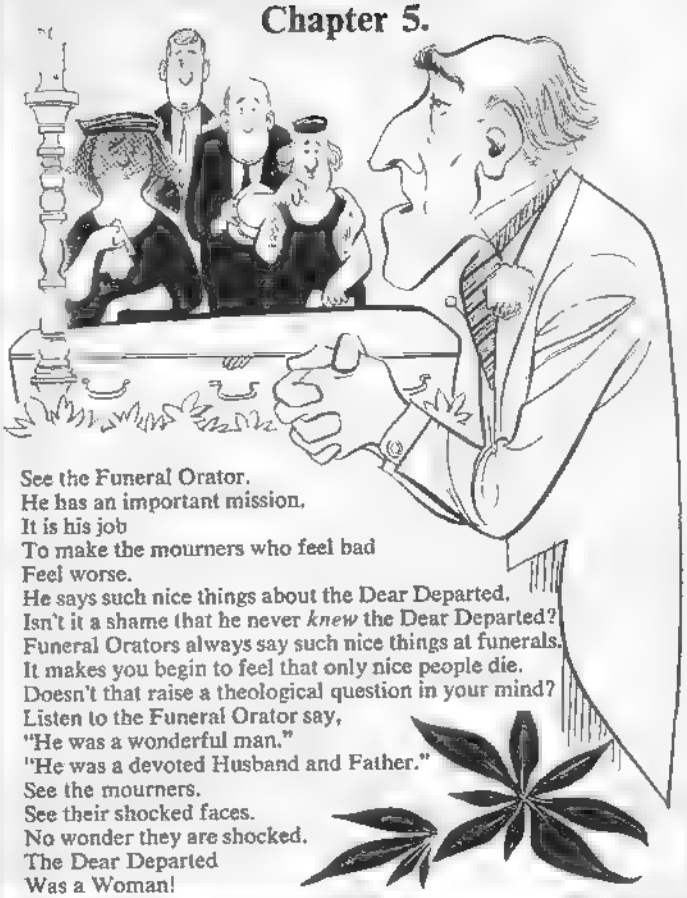
See the Philanthropist.
He gives lots of money away.
Why does he give lots of money away?
Does his conscience tell him to do it?
No, his Accountant tells him to do it.
The money he gives away is "Tax-Deductible."
His tax-deductible contributions
Support Museums and Symphony Orchestras.
If he gave the same money in taxes,
It would support Schools and Hospitals.
When this Hypocrite gives away money,
He gets his name in the newspapers.
No one gets his name in the newspapers
For paying his taxes!

Chapter 8.



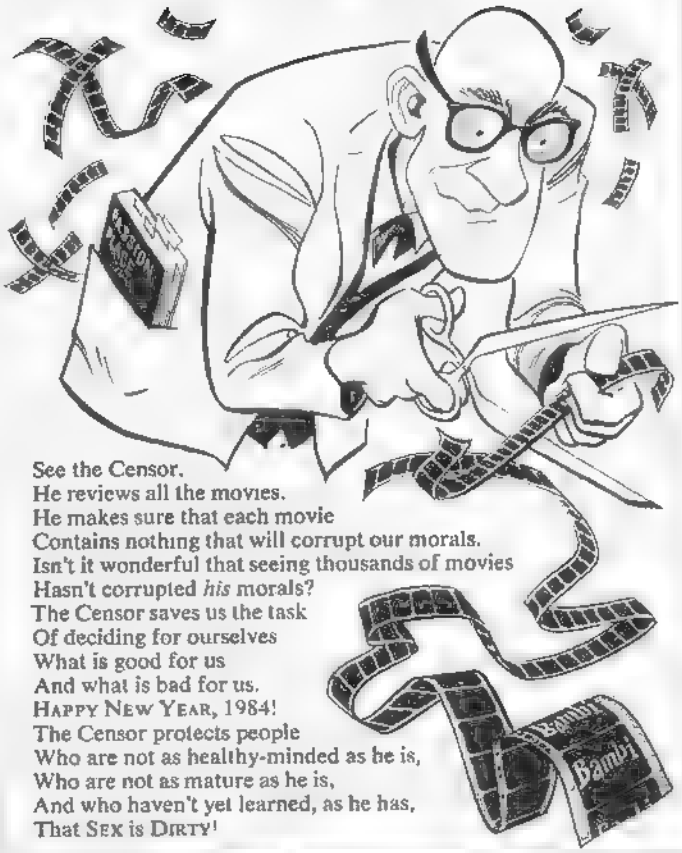
See the Parent.
He has two teenage children.
He is very proud.
His son is a football hero.
He makes out like crazy with all the girls.
"That's my boy," beams Dad.
His daughter is popular, too.
But she is not even allowed to kiss a boy.
"That's my girl," glares Dad.
Dad gives his kids anything they want.
He never asks for thanks.
Is he selfless?
No, it's just his way
Of avoiding spending time with them
Without feeling guilty.

Chapter 5.



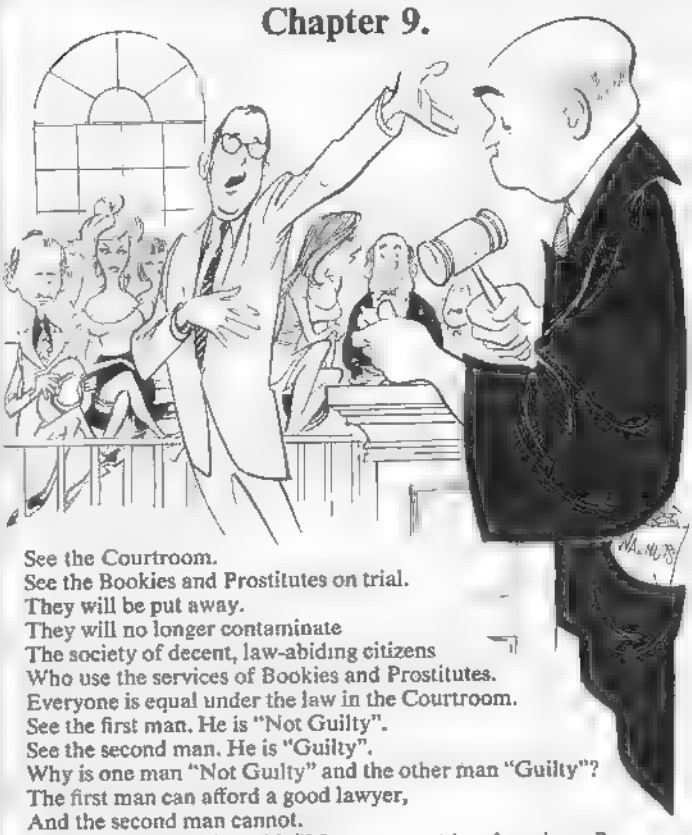
See the Funeral Orator.
He has an important mission.
It is his job
To make the mourners who feel bad
Feel worse.
He says such nice things about the Dear Departed.
Isn't it a shame that he never *knew* the Dear Departed?
Funeral Orators always say such nice things at funerals.
It makes you begin to feel that only nice people die.
Doesn't that raise a theological question in your mind?
Listen to the Funeral Orator say,
"He was a wonderful man."
"He was a devoted Husband and Father."
See the mourners.
See their shocked faces.
No wonder they are shocked.
The Dear Departed
Was a Woman!

Chapter 6.



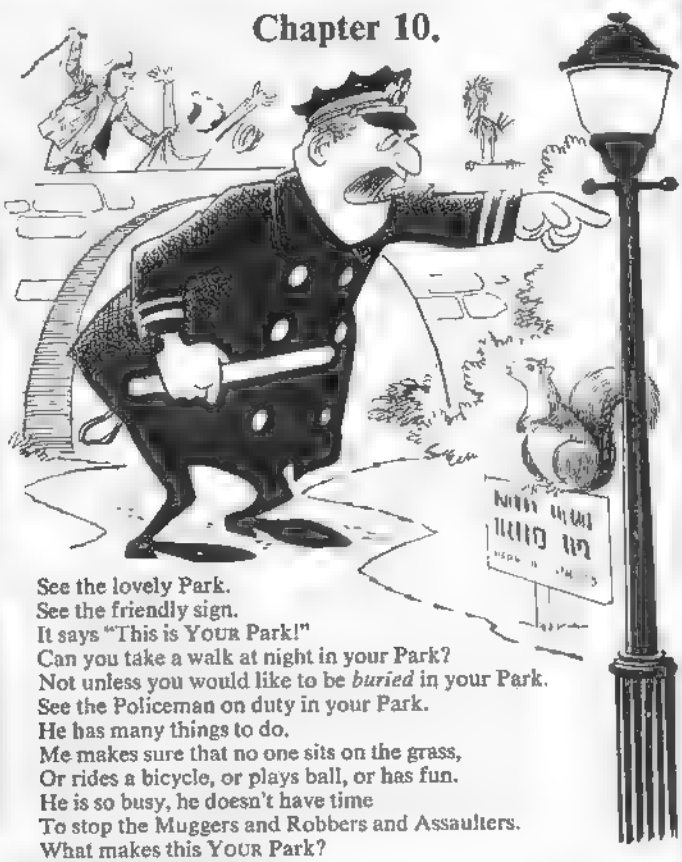
See the Censor.
He reviews all the movies.
He makes sure that each movie
Contains nothing that will corrupt our morals.
Isn't it wonderful that seeing thousands of movies
Hasn't corrupted *his* morals?
The Censor saves us the task
Of deciding for ourselves
What is good for us
And what is bad for us.
HAPPY NEW YEAR, 1984!
The Censor protects people
Who are not as healthy-minded as he is,
Who are not as mature as he is,
And who haven't yet learned, as he has,
That SEX is DIRTY!

Chapter 9.



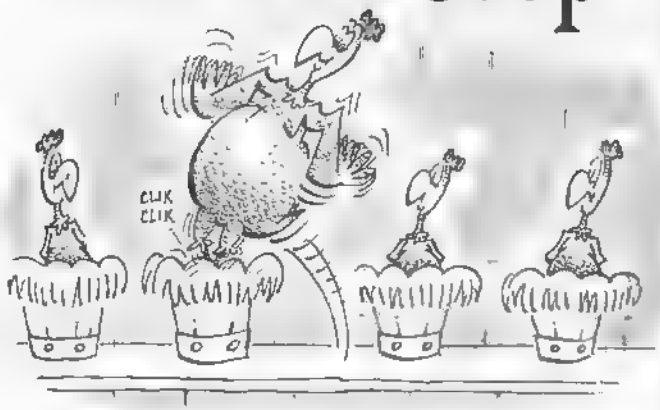
See the Courtroom.
See the Bookies and Prostitutes on trial.
They will be put away.
They will no longer contaminate
The society of decent, law-abiding citizens
Who use the services of Bookies and Prostitutes.
Everyone is equal under the law in the Courtroom.
See the first man. He is "Not Guilty".
See the second man. He is "Guilty".
Why is one man "Not Guilty" and the other man "Guilty"?
The first man can afford a good lawyer,
And the second man cannot.
The Philosopher who said, "Money cannot buy happiness,"
Never sat in a Courtroom.

Chapter 10.



See the lovely Park.
See the friendly sign.
It says "This is YOUR Park!"
Can you take a walk at night in your Park?
Not unless you would like to be *buried* in your Park.
See the Policeman on duty in your Park.
He has many things to do.
Me makes sure that no one sits on the grass,
Or rides a bicycle, or plays ball, or has fun.
He is so busy, he doesn't have time
To stop the Muggers and Robbers and Assaulters.
What makes this YOUR Park?
You pay taxes to maintain it.

One Day In The "Chicken Coop"



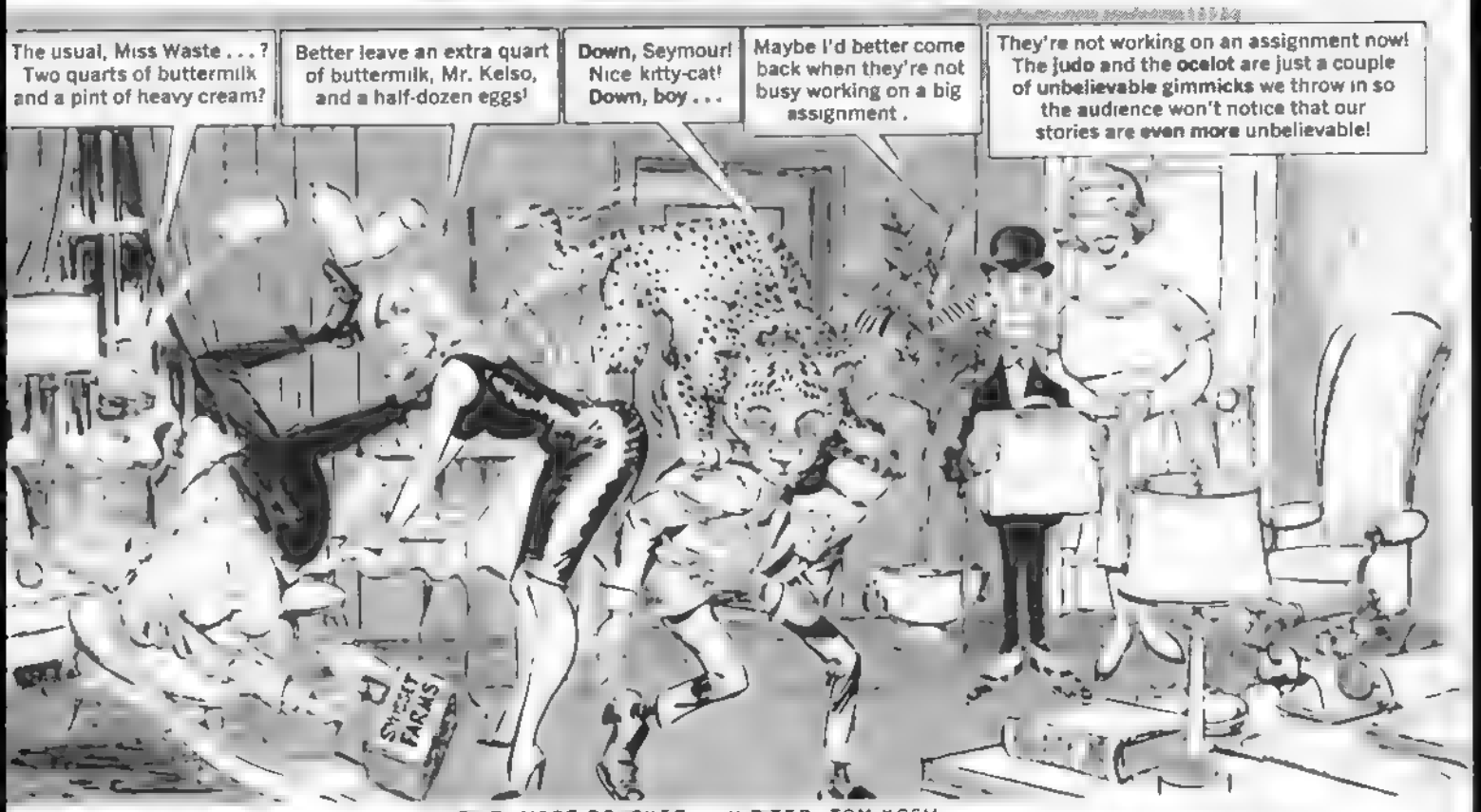
HIGH-HEEL GUMSHOE DEPT.

Last season's TV ratings proved that the viewing public goes ape over shows that star either (1) a beautiful girl, (2) an off-beat private eye, or (3) preposterous characters who horse around with preposterous weapons originally dreamed up by Ian Fleming. Naturally, this season, TV's creative thinkers got the brilliant idea to combine all three of these sure-fire elements of success into one single show. The results? Sure-fire confusion in the form of the incredible (even for TV) . . .

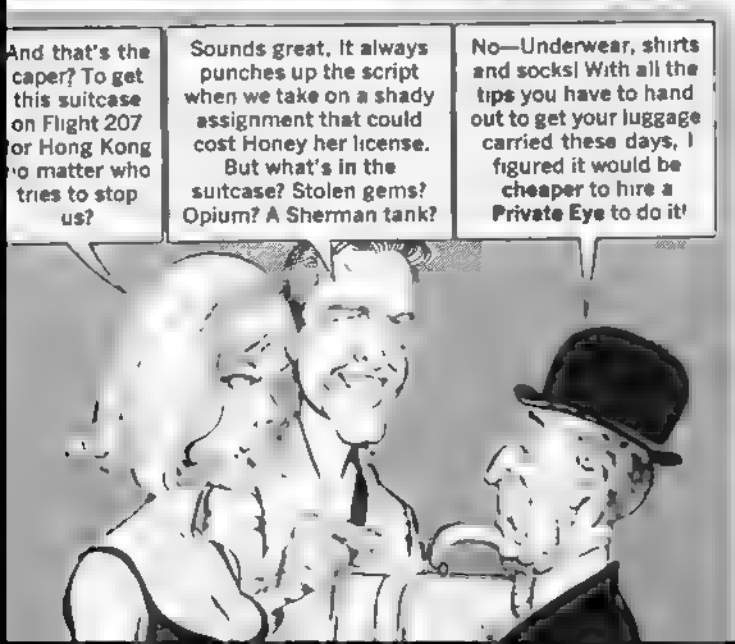
HONEY WASTE

in this week's exciting episode:

"THIRTY MINUTES TO KILL"



ARTIST MORT DRUCKER WRITER TOM KOCH



How could they be planning a caper when they don't even seem to be talking to each other?

That's how they always plan capers. She's got a radio transmitter hidden in her left eyebrow, and he's picking her up on the receiver imbedded in his cuff link. It's a stupid gimmick, but it detracts attention from the stupid dialogue.

Scram, I wish you'd stay in the office when I'm out on a caper, so I'd have somebody to talk to when the script calls for the phone-in-the-car bit.

I can't hear you. I think my cuff link blew a fuse!

Nice going, Honey! But how did you know that the Dispatcher was a phoney?

I just heard him announce that Flight 16 was running late due to engine trouble. Nobody who ever worked for an Airline would ever admit a thing like that!

GATE 7

Speaking on behalf of an Unfriendly Foreign Government, may I carry your bag?

Somebody must have pulled the old "Suitcase Switch", Scram. All we were carrying when we started out was our client's laundry.

Quite so, my dear But you foolishly neglected to notice that the Fruit of the Loom trademark on one of the pair of shorts has the secret formula for Nerve Gas cleverly coded in apples and cherries.

National flies 8 Non-Stop Jets daily to Houston. Welcome aboard!

I'll give you the escape plan by speaking into the tiny transmitter cleverly hidden beneath my lipstick. Listen closely . . .

I'll try . . but the tiny receiver cleverly hidden underneath my ear wax is tuned in to the Lakers' basketball game. So what's the plan . . . assuming that Baylor hits both free throws?

The same plan we use every week. Let the camera zoom in for a close-up of the burning fuse . . . then cut away for the first commercial break!

That's good thinking. We'll leave ourselves in deadly peril and hope that the idiots watching will stick around to see how we get out of it . . .

Friends! Show me a hat that combines cool scalp comfort with the rich feeling of natural felt . . . and I'll eat my filter cigarette!

15¢

How did we escape from the deadly peril we were in at the end of the first act? I didn't think there was any way out of it.

There wasn't. That's why the writers had it happen during the commercial.

And now we're chasing that mail truck because the stolen suitcase is inside, huh?

Of course not. You know the second act always begins with a chase sequence down a narrow mountain road. Can I help it if nobody uses these lousy narrow mountain roads anymore except us and the mailmen?

US MAIL

Honestly, Aunt Nag, I don't understand why two Private Detectives couldn't handle a simple job like putting a suitcase on an airplane!

They bungle everything they do so they can get into an argument over whose fault it is. It's our clever way of keeping a love interest from developing that might interfere with the plot.

Pretty smart Now, all you need is a plot not to interfere with.

I'll figure out something. Don't forget, I learned all the tricks from my late father, who was also a Private Detective and from whom I inherited the agency.

How could I forget? We have to mention your late father in every episode to explain how a beautiful girl like you is a Private Eye. I just wish we didn't have to keep him here in the office like this.

That man at the bar! Isn't he one of the no-goodniks who tried to rub us out at the airport?

How should I know? All evil Orientals in flowered kimonos look alike to me!

It's still a great spot for me to use the "tiny-radio-transmitter-in-the-Martini-olive" gimmick. The alternate co-sponsors love that one.

Naturally. The alternate co-sponsors are the Tiny Radio Transmitter Co., and the National Martini Olive Growers Association.

American girls are very strange. You say nothing to me but "Testing —1—2—3—4—5"!

What's so strange about that? You know a better way to make sure an olive is working? Now about that missing suitcase . . .

Is safely hidden. But maybe I tell you where, for two reasons: One, you have irresistible charm that drive men to spill secrets—and two, my boys gonna blow your head off in couple of minutes anyway!

I never knew my tiny cuff link radio receiver could pick up volcano eruptions.

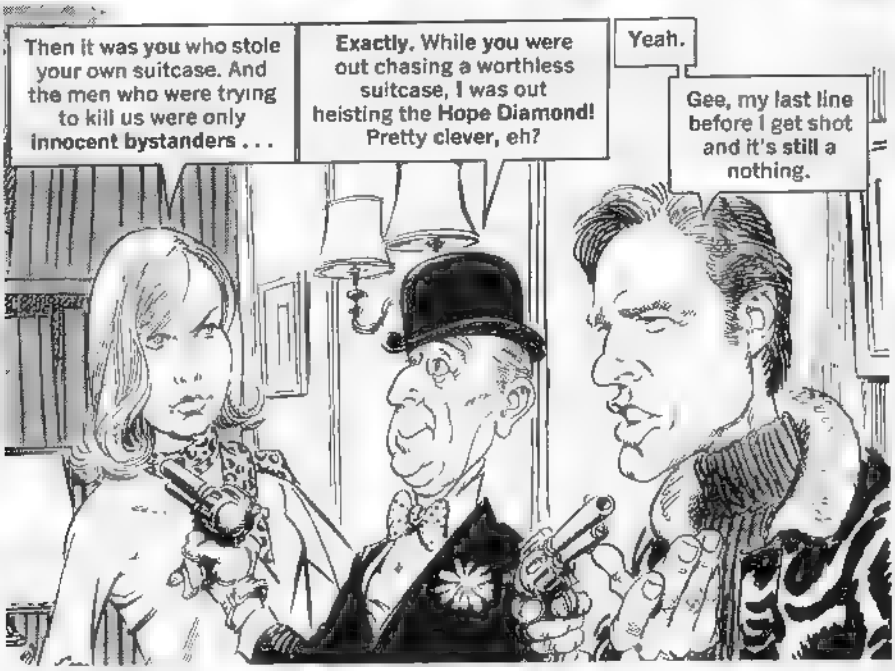
Clod! You're listening to his indigestion. He pulled the old "Drink-Switch" and ate my olive.

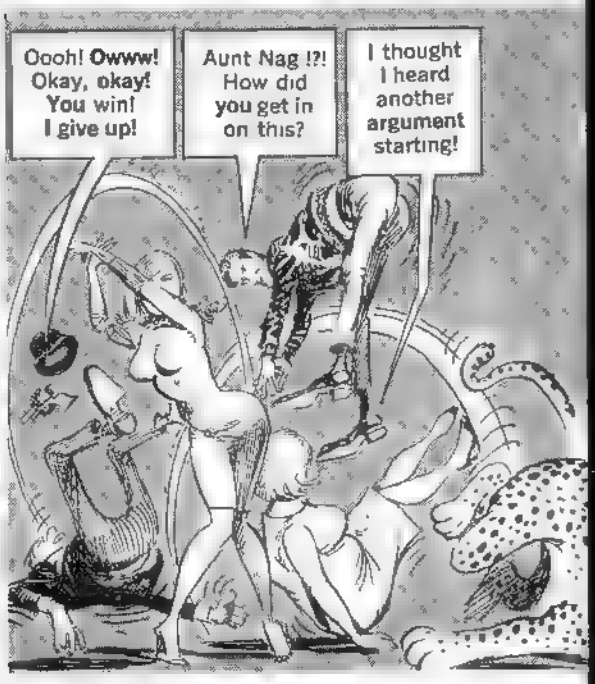
So go away and leave me listen. It's the first entertainment I've heard on this show since it started.

Why waste time going through old scripts hunting for a torture gimmick that ain't been used yet? Just let me rub 'em out quick and easy like
KILL! KILL!
And lose even more ground to "The Man From U.N.C.L.E."? Never! What's your feeling, Chief?
Hoo-boy, rotten! The way my stomach's kicking up, I feel like I swallowed a radio transmitter!
But I don't want to hunt for the missing suitcase in a spooky abandoned old warehouse. I could get killed in a place like that!
Have you got a better idea for wrapping up the caper?
Yeah! Buy our client a new suitcase!
I don't like the looks of this. Better let 'em have it with your secret tear gas earrings, Honey.
I can't. You know I never wear my good jewelry when we go into a tough neighborhood.
This is another fine mess you've gotten us into!
Please don't start an argument. Every time you do, your Aunt Nag always shows up and gets involved in it.
OLD ABANDONED WHAREHOUSE CO. INC.
See? I knew it!
Of course, Honey was right to leave her good jewelry at home. But then, on the other hand
Let's get out of here before she talks us to death!
Coca-Cola
Gee, Aunt Nag, can't you get the writers to dream up some other secret weapon for you besides a big mouth?
Yeah. How do you expect us to wipe out crime every week when you waste half the show talking?
Who cares about wiping out crime? I'm in this thing to win an Emmy!
So the crooks gave us the slip while we were giving Aunt Nag the slip. What's wrong with that? You can't win 'em all!
My late father, from whom I inherited the agency and who taught me all the tricks of—
Enough! We've already had this week's explanation of how a beautiful girl like you wound up as a Private Eye.
I know—but the premise is so absurd, I have to keep running through it so I won't forget it myself!
RRUUMM

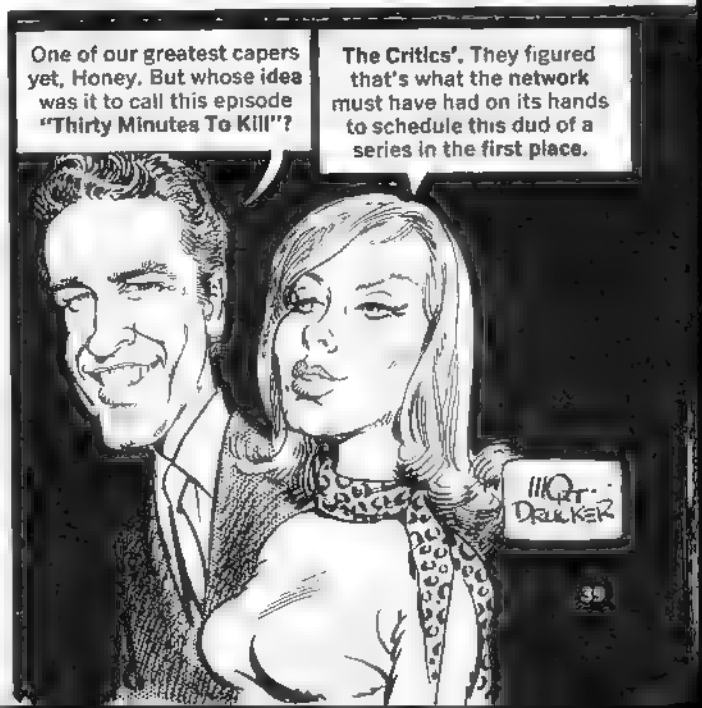
Scram, I realize that having you climb up the side of a building is one of our best gimmicks . . . but to get into your own apartment . . . ?
This is no gimmick. It's Doctor's orders. He told me to avoid climbing stairs.

What are you doing here? Suppose all our clients showed up to hound us whenever we botched up an assignment?
Yeah.
Boy, do I get rotten lines just 'cause I'm a Junior Partner!
You get rotten lines because you're a rotten actor. But fortunately, I'm here to help get the plot moving without you.


Then it was you who stole your own suitcase. And the men who were trying to kill us were only innocent bystanders . . .
Exactly. While you were out chasing a worthless suitcase, I was out heisting the Hope Diamond! Pretty clever, eh?
Yeah.
Gee, my last line before I get shot and it's still a nothing.


Oooh! Owww! Okay, okay! You win! I give up!
Aunt Nag !?! How did you get in on this?
I thought I heard another argument starting!

Your late father would have been proud of you, Honey. He couldn't have done a better job himself, except maybe by not chasing the wrong characters through the whole show.
Thank you, Lieutenant Stones . . . especially for not threatening to revoke my license even once this week.
No need to, Honey. The Actors' Guild just revoked your membership!


One of our greatest capers yet, Honey. But whose idea was it to call this episode "Thirty Minutes To Kill"?
The Critics'. They figured that's what the network must have had on its hands to schedule this dud of a series in the first place.
DRUCKER

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

The idiots who invented "MAD Beastlies" have come up with a brand new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're . . .

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR. WRITER: PHIL HAHN

Drumming Up A Little SCHOOL SPIRIT

Delivering A VEILED THREAT

Seized By An UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE

Burying A GRUDGE

Pulling A BONER

Drowning His SORROWS

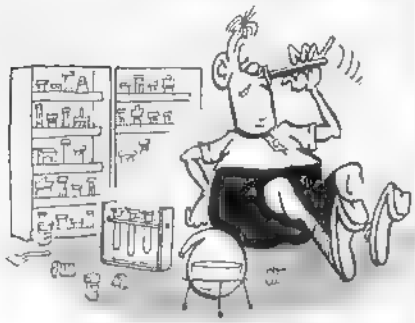
Escaping The DOLDRUMS

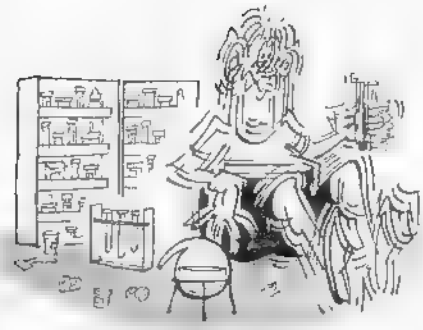
Letting Out An INSANE CACKLE

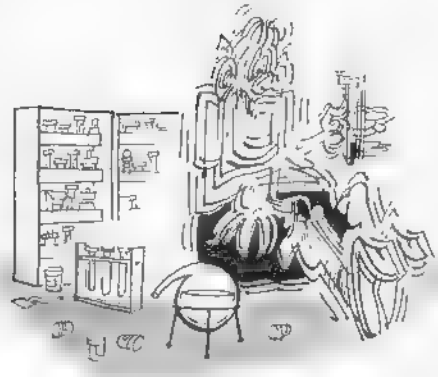
Scotching An UGLY RUMOR

Getting A Case Of The SCREAMING MEEMIES

A BOY and his CHEMISTRY SET







PLEDGERISM DEPT.

Here we go with MAD's version of a recent issue of a typical national...

FRATERNITY MAGAZINE

VOLUME ΩΦ NUMBER Σ

RHO RHO RHO QUARTERLY

"Fidelitum, Brotherdum, Snobbishum"

PANTIE RAID SEASON 1966

In This Issue:

N.Y.U. BROTHER SETS NATIONAL MARK

J. Dreeble Stays In Shower 34½ Hours—Chosen "King Of Campus Prune Festival"

* * * *

OLE MISS CHAPTER EAGERLY INTEGRATES

Vote To Admit Females Is Unanimous

* * * *

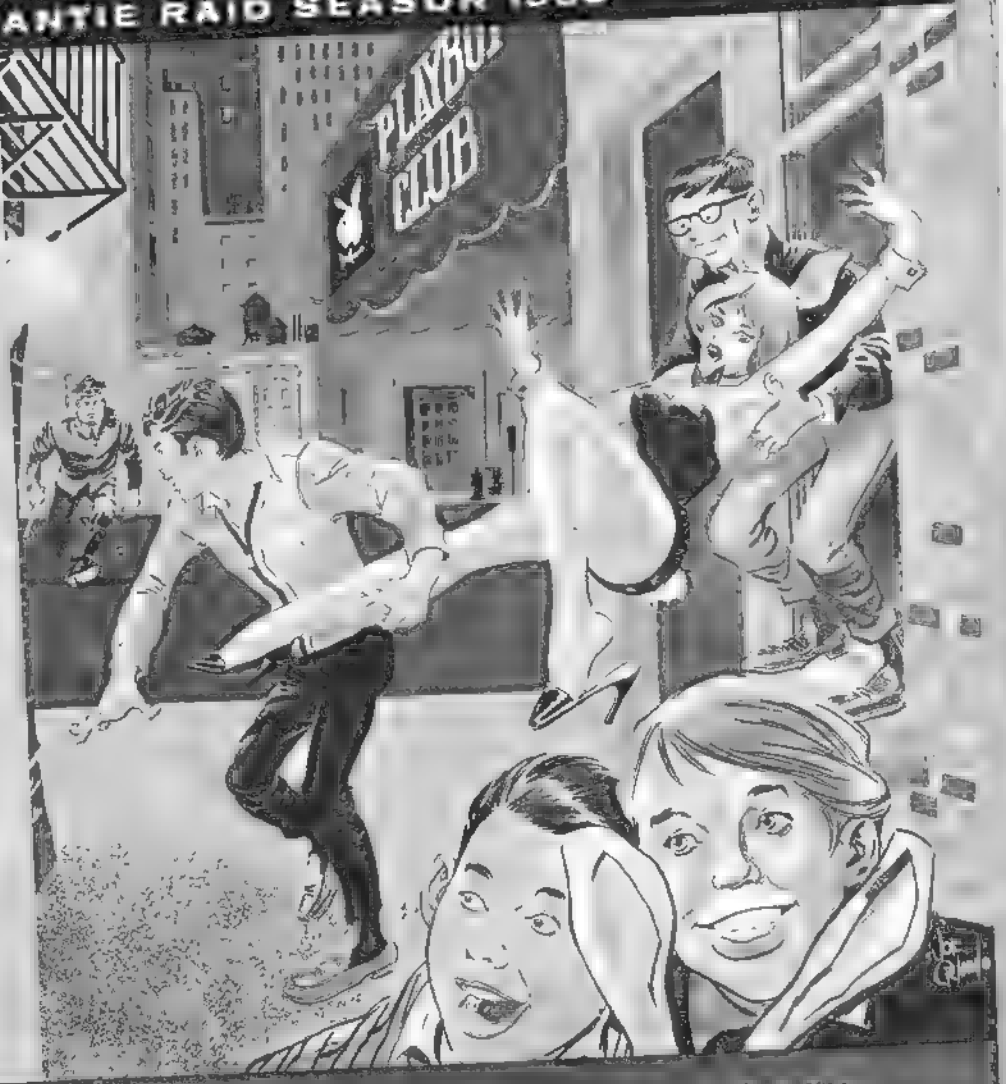
DISCIPLINARY ACTION AT NOTRE DAME

Officials Suspend Irish Chapter For Poor Showing In N.F.L. Player Draft

* * * *

ALUMNI COMMITTEE BLASTS HAZING PRACTICES

Blames "Wishy-Washy" New Approach For Alarming Decline In Pledge Fatalities



COVER PICTURE STORY

"O.S.U. CHAPTER COPS CAMPUS SCAVENGER HUNT TROPHY" P. 43
"COPS COP O.S.U. CHAPTER" SEE "BAD BOND BRIEFS"

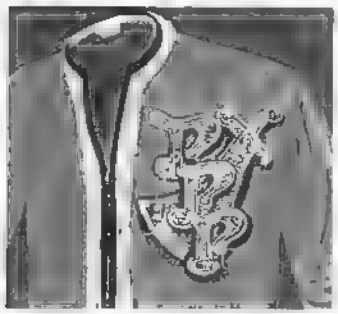
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: TOM KOCH

Be the first with the latest from

OFFICIAL FRATERNITY JEWELERS

Again in 1966 only "Official Fraternity Jewelers" have been designated official fraternity jewelers for Rho Rho Rho. So beware of less expensive imitations. Remember, if it's not "Official," it isn't official!

THE OFFICIAL 1966 RHO RHO RHO PIN

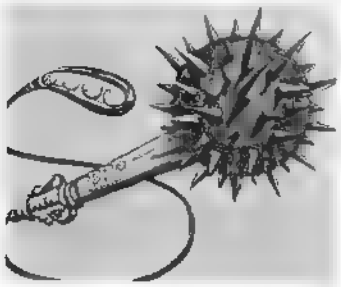


Official Fraternity Jewelers proudly presents the official 1966 pin which, of course, replaces and hereby makes unofficial the cheap, unattractive 1965 pin. Featuring 875 matched pearls set in gleaming chrome plated expensive metal, the new model also contains a dazzling zircon replica of the Hope diamond, some stuff that could pass for amethysts and a thing you'd swear was a ruby. Don't delay. If the girl of your dreams is still wearing last year's pin, she's a free agent right now! So order quickly—only $1,695.98. Insurance, 30¢ extra.

OFFICIAL RHO RHO RHO RING

There'll be no more arguments over which house on campus has the most attractive official ring once you and your cronies start sporting this newly designed beauty from Official Fraternity Jewelers. Masculine in every detail, its 85 jagged gems are mounted in a setting of copper-plated lead that both commands respect and gets the job done quickly. Only $49.95—or take advantage of our special economy offer and buy one for each hand at the bargain price of only $97.50.

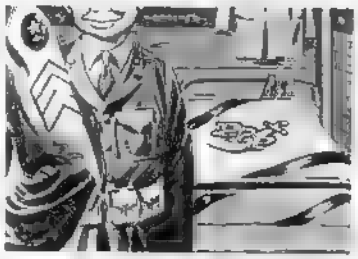
OFFICIAL RHO RHO RHO PADDLE



Why waste vital energy clobbering pledges the old fashioned way when the newly designed Official Fraternity Jewelers paddle will do the job quickly — permanently — officially? Constructed of sturdy, seasoned oak with attractive cast iron spikes, the official paddle is available in either right or left handed models for maximum efficiency. Best of all, the fraternity insignia is carefully imbedded in the polished handle to prevent possible injury to the user. Now, clout with confidence for only $27.95. Chromium spikes, $10 extra

OFFICIAL RHO RHO RHO FRATERNITY BLANKET

Dreading the stretch of military service that awaits you after graduation? So prepare now to brighten up all those dismal days with this officially sanctioned Rho Rho Rho blanket. (Officially sanctioned by the fraternity that is; not by any of the military services.) Guaranteed to keep you warm and comfy, especially if the sarge lets you take it along when you're dragged off to the guardhouse. Going fast at only $33.95 Postpaid.



OFFICIAL FRATERNITY JEWELERS Box 195 RHO RHO RHO QUARTERLY

Gee, you fellahs sure have a deep understanding of fraternity men. That's why I figured I'd better enclose cash instead of a personal check. Please rush all of above items to me at once!

NAME _____ CHAPTER _____

ADDRESS _____ ZIP CODE _____

DRIBBLES
From The Editor's Pen

by Westbrook Pigsty, Beta Tau
(Columbia Journalism '26)

BROTHER PIGSTY

YE OLDE ED'S heartiest congrats to the plucky Upsilon *(U. of Calif.)* under-grads for their good show during the recent freedom of speech controversy on their campus. Chapter Prexy Random Stifle drops us a note reporting that Tri Rho goon squads broke up soap box harrangues purportedly backed by the local Community Chest, the Campfire Girls, the Raymond Massey Fan Club and at least three other fringe groups seeking to fan the flames of the Commie conspiracy . . . Another pat on the back for good citizenship to the boys at Iota *(U. of Minn.)* for foiling the attempts of some politico who calls himself Hubert Humphrey to railroad the Board of Regents into dishing up Honorary Degrees for Avowed Philanthropist Walter Winchell, Big Government Advocate J. Edgar Hoover, and Barry Goldwater, who may also turn out to be a left winger once his position is made clear . . . Heartfelt thanks to Blossom Nitely, noted interpreter of exotic ritual dance forms, for serving as Queen of Rho Rho Rho's recent homecoming festivities at the U. of Newark. The gala event will be recounted in a forthcoming issue of *Playboy Magazine,* although we understand that space limitations will restrict the coverage to nine full-page color photos of Miss Nitely . . . Sad to say that for the fifth straight year, the boys from Alpha Xi chapter (Michigan State) failed to score in their hotly contested intramural wrestling matches with members of Chi Omega sorority. The Tri Rhos claim that construction of late model convertibles with the gear shift on the floor gives the girls an advantage on defense . . . The gang at Sigma *(U. of Chicago)* scored a beat by pledging the latest musical child prodigy to pass entrance exams at the Midway campus, Boody Undershaw. A note from Sigma's prexy reports that the five-year-old freshman came through his initiation tests like a true veteran, but that he'll never play the violin again . . . First chance we've had to offer congrats to "End Zone" Eckstrom of Beta Psi *(Oregon State)* for his record smashing performance during last year's Rose Bowl game. Selling 234 bags of peanuts (119 of them tossed through the air for 316 net yards) put Eckstrom in a class by himself

MEMORABLE HOMECOMING

U. of C. PLEDGING FESTIVITIES

Cont. on Page 97

Delegates analyze Progress Report from President Goodfellow at Annual Convention Banquet.

NATIONAL CONVENTION A GASSER

UNDERGRADS AND ALUMNI alike have voiced virtual unanimity in hailing the 1966 National Convention, held at Rudy's Motel and Trailer Court on the outskirts of Lubbock, Tex., during the nights of January 16, 17, and 18, as the most successful in the history of Rho Rho Rho. Only our oldest living brother, U. Q. Smallhausen *(Arizona Territorial Tech '87)*, appeared unable to muster an adequate display of appreciation for the work of the Steering Committee in combining a disreputable convention site with the fraternity's new "Bring Anybody-But-Your-Wife-Along-For-Companionship" policy. However, Brother Smallhausen also appeared unable to grasp the significance of anything else that occurred at the conclave, as evidenced by his brief but rambling speech at the annual banquet. In all other respects, the get-together was the most harmonious of recent years, unmarked even by the traditional pranks usually perpetrated by delegates from Alpha Omega chapter *(U. of Alabama)* on those from Psi Mu chapter *(Tuskegee Institute)*. At previous conventions, the gang from Psi Mu had often renewed the fun-filled rivalry between the two schools by showing a flagrant disregard for fraternity rules regarding use of the drinking fountain. This year, the jovial roistering was confined to a few sporadic church bombings, thanks to the keen job done by the Arrangements Committee from Chi Epsilon chapter *(The F.B.I. Training School)*. The committee thoughtfully arranged for the Tuskegee boys to have full access to a separate but equal drinking fountain in Amarillo, less than four hundred miles from the convention site. With old inter-chapter rivalries thus resolved, the highlight of the three-day meet was the address to the annual banquet by Tri Rho Prexy Philander Goodfellow *("Make Big Money in Brake Re-lining" Home Study Course '38)*. President Goodfellow announced news of sweeping changes to liberalize the fraternity's by-laws by extending his term in office to 1977, boosting his annual salary to $150,000 and moving the national headquarters from the present cramped location in the abandoned fieldhouse at Central Wyoming State to a booth at Sardi's restaurant in New York City. Other proposed by-law revisions which might have opened the door to pledging of such questionable under-grads as Seventh Day Adventists, middle-of-the-road Republicans and non-holders of athletic scholarships were referred to the Un-Collegiate Activities Committee for shelving.

Address by Oldest Alum Smallhausen was one of the convention highlights. Brother Smallhausen is thought to have discussed the Free Silver Issue, his childhood spent somewhere and the threat of future Apache Indian raids.

Serious work of convention was transacted at opening day business session. Here, two alumni officials who prefer to remain unidentified, endure tedious job of crowning the '65 P P P Queen and her Court, all local waitresses who insist upon remaining unidentified.

By a unanimous voice vote, all other urgent business was re-scheduled for possible discussion either at the 1967 convention in Las Vegas or the 1968 conclave in Miami Beach. Less vital matters such as Rho Rho Rho's suspension from the dean's list of accredited fraternities on every campus in the country except Hollywood High School and the Fort Monmouth Induction Center may find a spot on the agenda in 1969.

Meantime, the delegates centered their attention on presenting this year's special recognition awards to the Dartmouth chapter for constructing its Winter Carnival display entirely out of frozen money, in denominations of ten, twenty

Cont. on Page 49

RHO RHO RHO
BUSINESS DIRECTORY

Patronize your brothers—
Help the boycott succeed

ANT PASTE

SURE DEATH EXTERMINATORS
319 North West 30th Street, Salt Lake City
"Your Headquarters for Poison in Central Utah"
Wallace Grimm (Brigham Young '38), Prop.

ANVILS

Inter-State Blacksmith Suppliers
2823 Archer Avenue, Chicago
Quantity discount to Rho Rho Rho members
Si Barndraft (Yale '47), owner.

CANAL DREDGING

HUBERT THE HANDYMAN
123½ East Elm Street, Furnace Flats, Ariz.
Service at Your Home or in Our Shop
Hubert Baxnard (U. of Panama '13), head man

CATS

Klassy Kittenry
227 Maple Manor Drive, Larchmont, N.Y.
Wholesale Only
August Kleevidge (West Point '48), commanding officer

EGG TIMERS

TIME, Inc.
New York, N.Y
Henry Loose
(Washington & Jefferson & Loose '22), in full charge

PLUMBERS

Diamond Jim Stallcup
455 West 18th Street, Columbus, Ohio
Lo Down, E-Z Monthly Payments on Approved Credit
James J. Stallcup (Western Delaware '16), board chairman

ZITHER TUNING

Apex Zither Tuning Cartel
521-23-25 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.
500 Skilled Experts to Serve You
Leonard Bernstein
(Julliard School of Speech '41), conductor

WHAT'S WITH THE ALUMNI?

CLEVELAND CLUB
by Fred Blunderklang

For Rho Rho Rho alums in the Cleveland area, the winter of '66 turned out much as the brothers had expected. The weather here has been rotten, and except for small late afternoon gatherings in the downtown area to gulp a few quickies before attempting the drive home in rush hour traffic, social activities were held to a minimum. Then, too, the Alumni Club burned to the ground shortly after the holidays, leaving us with no place to hold the usual gala events. Fortunately, all of the 23 who perished in the fire were bartenders, bus boys and other non-fraternity members, but otherwise, it's been a terrible winter.

It's still anybody's guess as to whether the yearly Alumni Golf Tournament will be held in '66. Most of the old crowd has moved out to the distant suburbs, and the consensus seems to be that it's ridiculous to fight your way through traffic just to play golf with a bunch of idiots you knew in college.

Old Timer's Day festivities also were to be scuttled this year, but **Yancy Wayhaw** *(Western Reserve '03)* insisted on hosting the event at his home since he was the old timer due to be honored. However, nobody else showed up, and after a late snack of cookies and warm milk, Yancy turned in about 9:30.

CHICAGO CLUB
by Knute Wanderman

Chicago Alumni Club elects new officers. The group's 800 members named Judge Marcus Tidwell to the club presidency by an impressive vote of 12,377-to-14.

The newly reorganized Chicago Alumni Club held a crooked election of officers on January 6 with Municipal Judge **Marcus Tidwell,** who neither belongs to Rho Rho Rho nor even attended college, being voted in as president by a landslide majority. Judge Tidwell's hand-picked slate of candidates for lesser offices received a similar overwhelming mandate at the polls. A reform ticket headed by some political science professor from the U. of Chicago whose name I've forgotten disappeared on Election Eve. Local police have promised to investigate as soon as they have finished helping Judge Tidwell throw several thousand uncounted ballots into Lake Michigan.

LAS VEGAS CLUB
by Pasquale DiFonzio

The yearly Summit Meeting of the Brotherhood was held at an unspecified location near Las Vegas in late November or early December. Delegates from as far away as Reno, Carson City and Palermo, Sicily, attended in a heart warming display of interest in alumni affairs throughout this region. Highlight of the get-together was a little ride across the desert to admire the spring flowers in bloom. Six brothers embarked on the excursion and four came back.

The sympathy of all Las Vegas area alums goes out to **Vincente Mosconi** *(Cicero, Ill. '26)* and **Umberto Gichonzo** *(Detroit '29)*, both of whose fashionable establishments on the Strip were demolished by explosions during recent weeks. Following the advice of fellow brothers, neither plans to rebuild.

ATLANTA CLUB
by Wily Willie Wimbogger

Us guys here at Atlanta picked new officers a while back during our recreation period in the exercise yard. A picture was took of the boys that got chose and look how good it came out.

New officers of Atlanta Club pose for formal portrait. (l. to r.) 387659, President; 814366, Vice President; 404992, Corresponding Secretary; 791033, Fink.

MISCELLANEOUS

Following a prolonged price war, **Chub Bash,** *(New Mexico Western '48)* has succeeded in squeezing out all other filling station operators along a 120-mile stretch of U.S. Highway 66 west of Albuquerque. Chub reports a big boost in sales volume, even with the regular now selling at 58¢ a gallon and ethyl at 65¢.

Congratulations are in order for **Frosty Dimwick** *(Nebraska '39)*, **Y. A. Untermeyer** *(Tulane '42)* and **Waldo Klepp** *(Georgia Tech '51)*. Since our last issue, each has served at least a week as head football coach at U.C.L.A.

EASTERN INDIANA SOPH WINS ANNUAL FOUNDERS' AWARD ESSAY CONTEST

Each year, your Supreme Council presents the treasured Founder's Award, a handsomely stuffed blonde coed (and stuffed in all the right places, too!) to the under-grad member submitting the most profound essay on the subject "What Rho Rho Rho Means to Me." For 1966, the Council was almost unanimous in voting the award to Rupert "Acne" Swinehart of Gamma Eta Chapter (Eastern Indiana Abnormal) for his thoughtful entry which is reprinted in its entirety below.

Supreme Council presents 1966 Founders' Award to Brother Swinehart for his prize-winning essay.

"WHAT RHO RHO RHO MEANS TO ME"

by Rupert Swinehart
Class of '67 or '68 if Ever

Gosh all hemlok. I mean like you cood have nocked me over with a fender when the uther guys hear at Gama Ata toald me to right our chapters entree in this years essai contest, or elts. All I no is that getting privlidged to belong to Rho Rho Rho and live in this swel frat howse meens an auful lot to me. So I have just rote down sum of the swel things it meens.

A course, a big thing is just being with swel guys in this swel frat howse. I meen I got a reel sawft bed hear and thay doant got no bars on the windas and it aint nothing at all like the skool I went to befor I cum to collidge. But, a course, just having a swel howse aint all their is to it. I meen like I remmember how my old laidy used to tell me "It taiks a heep of steddy custummers to maik a home a howse." And evin getting it bakwords like she did, I didnt never forget it, and for wunce Maw was rite.

Like hear at Rho Rho Rho the swel guys get me daits with there girl cuzzins and simular girl peepel that show up to lait for the guys to get them daits with ennybody elts. Sumtimes the guys evin let me dubble dait with them. I used to thinck that was just becawse I had a car and nun of them did. But now that I no all abowt fraturnitty brutherhood, I realise theirs lots mor to it than that. Besides a car, I also got spending munny and it taiks a lot of munny to get a girl krocked so you can start having a gude time.

But it aint all just for soashul reesons that Im greatful to Rho Rho Rho. If I get to gradjuait sumtime, the swel guys at the hows shood reely get the credut. Thay keap a big file of old exam paipers at the hows by witch I no in advans what queshuns Im gonna be asked the annsers of on the exams. That way I doant have to memmurize mor stuff than a guy cood remember becawse we got laisy teechers that alwaise evry yeer ask the saim queshuns.

A course, sumtimes jellus guys frum uther frats say I nevver wood have got pledjed to Rho Rho Rho at all exsepting that our guys coodnt get any of the gude guys thay reely wunted. But I no that aint trew becawse the uther frats didnt get nobody but footbal players and rich kids and guys like that who woodnt hang around the howse the way I do taiking fone messidges for evrybody.

In fack, Im so popler with the uther guys that thay had to draw straws to see witch wun wood get to be my rumemait. And the guy witch wun was so happy, he got sik and thru up in the lonj. So I *Cont. on Page 94*

In Memoriam

ZACHARY K. VOONDERGRIFT
Beta *(Confederate States Seminary, 1864)*
Succumbed after motorcycle stunt riding mishap, January 12th, 1966

JOE SQUATTING HORSE
Epsilon *(Carlisle Indian School '09)*
Wiped out by U.S. Cavalry on "Wagon Train", December 12th, 1964
"Gunsmoke", January 23rd, 1965
"Rawhide", December 5th, 1965

NEWBY "SQUARE DEAL" FLITKIN
Theta *(Brooklyn College '24)*
Lynched by former patrons of his used car lot, January 19th, 1966

ELDON PEATMOSS
Omega *(Gonzaga '31)*
Died of starvation while sitting through "Cleopatra" and "Lawrence of Arabia" double feature, December 3rd, 1965

FENWICK "THE FINK" GRUBER
Alpha Mu *(Leavenworth '55)*
Passed away as a result of lead poisoning, December 13th, 1965

OTTO "THE ENFORCER" VITSMAN
Alpha Nu *(San Quentin '61)*
Slated to die of unnatural causes for handing the contract on Fenwick Gruber, August 22nd, 1966*

*—Tentative date pending outcome of last ditch appeal to the governor.

RHO RHO RHO CALENDAR

JUNE 7—Opening of impeachment proceedings against President Goodfellow.
8—Scheduled departure of President Goodfellow for Brazil.
14—Flag Day Ceremony at Tomb of the Unknown Pledge.
27—Opening of summer school vandalism season, all chapters.
JULY 4—The Fourth of July.
24—Annual charity dinner for June grads who are still job hunting.
31—Deadline for mailing 2nd quarter dues (in cash) to Supreme Council.
AUG. 3—Deadline for Supreme Council members to receive 2nd quarter dues and join President Goodfellow in Brazil.
13—Pre-season football practice begins, all campuses.
13—Struggle to pledge football players begins, all chapters.
24—Funeral services for Otto "The Enforcer" Vitsman*.

*—Tentative date pending outcome of last ditch appeal to the governor

Hail To Rho Rho Rho!

Far above all
other houses,
Rho Rho Rho
is tops.
We will stage
our wild carouses
'Til they call
the cops.

Join in pranks;
accost the profs with
Shivs and
baseball bats.
Praise the name of
Rho Rho Rho,
Most glorious
of frats!

RHO RHO RHO
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT
FISCAL 1965

Compiled and certified by Eugene G. Waterhouse
(Clemson U. Accounting School drop-out '62)

RECEIPTS

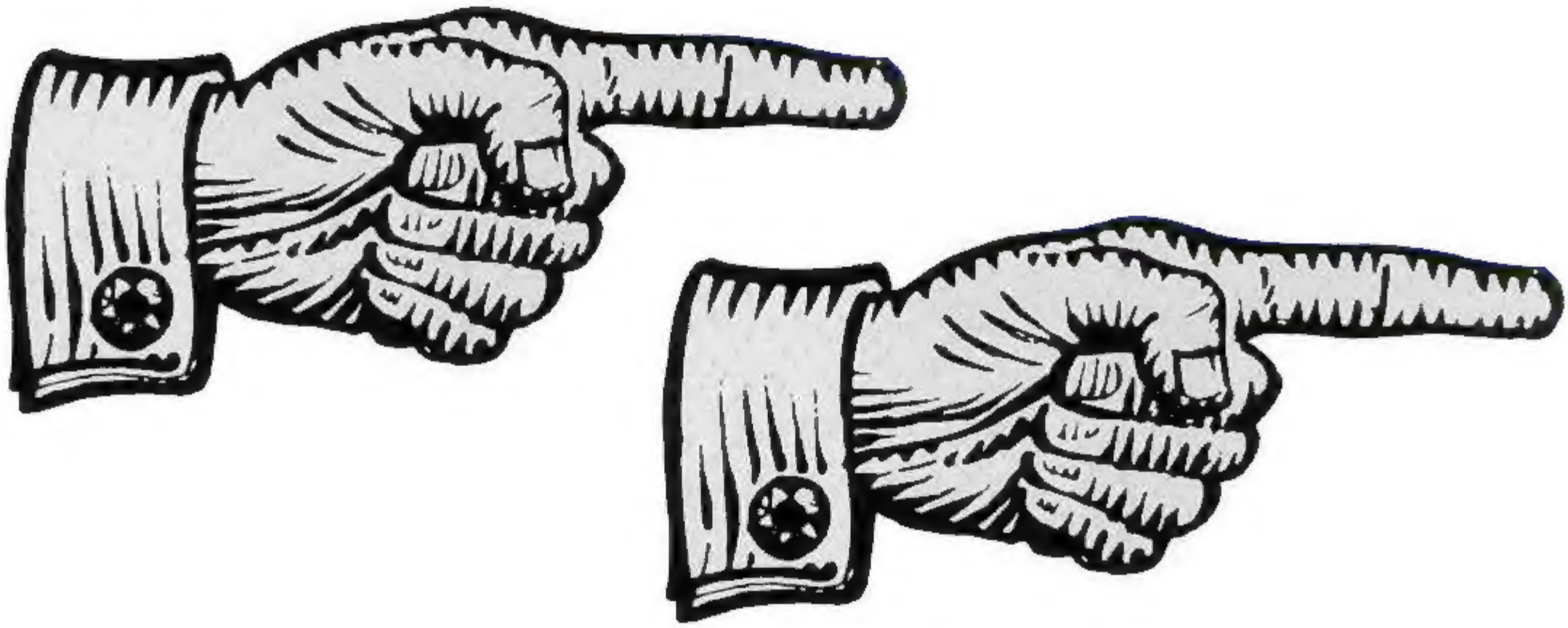
Membership dues	$743,912.80
Kickbacks from manufacturers of official jewelry	97,544.00
Disposal of real estate owned by defunct chapters	381,000.00
Contributions to fraternity fund raising drives	6.20
Assessments for fraternity fund raising drives	28,137.50
Profits from pay toilets in chapter house washrooms	6,588.15
	$1,257,188.65

EXPENDITURES

Salaries to national officers	$ 28,000.00
Expense account disbursals to national officers	327,880.00
Salaries to secretarial workers	6,000.00
Gifts to secretarial workers from national officers	83,624.75
Depreciation of office fixtures	7,500.00
Depletion and amortization, etc.	250,000.00
Paper clips	139,766.10
Other stuff to make it come out even	414,417.80
	$1,257,188.65

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT AWESOME U.S. WEAPON WIPES OUT MILLIONS EVERY YEAR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER REVOLTING

MAD FOLD-IN

Every time a new "Super Weapon" is introduced, we hear all kinds of protests. But for years, Uncle Sam has been quietly using one awesome weapon that indiscriminately destroys millions! And the only thing one hears is an occasional whimper from an individual protester like the guy below. Fold in the page as shown, and you will discover what this crippling weapon is.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS

B ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀A FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

INDIVIDUALS WHO PROTEST AGAINST THIS TERRIBLE "THING" HAVE COME TO BE KNOWN AS "NUTS" THE MAJORITY OF US HAVE LEARNED TO TOLERATE IT AS A NECESSARY EVIL. BUT NO ONE COMPLETELY RELAXES!

B ▶ ◀A

WHAT AWESOME U.S. WEAPON WIPES OUT MILLIONS EVERY YEAR?

B A FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

INCOME

TAXES!

B A

Cigarette People:

They like their jobs, but none of them smoke. (They just want you to!)

Col. Kent "Lucky" Lark owns a Tobacco Plantation in Virginia

Winston Tareyton is President of a Tobacco Company in North Carolina

Paul Mall is a Cigarette Account Executive on Madison Avenue

Phil Morris is a Cigarette Wholesaler-Distributor in Illinois

Photography by IRVING SCHILD

These people depend on cigarette-smoking for their livelihoods, and all those cancer reports haven't made their lives any easier. Although they've kicked the smoking habit themselves, they wouldn't dare tell you to try. They want you to keep doing as they say, not as they do. Then, they'll be satisfied!

CIGARETTE FINKS say **"Smoke! Smoke—till you have no Chest to feel!"**